

Peter Bridge: A Letter from Prison

Nov.
1972
75'

(MORE)

A Journalism Review

**J. Anthony Lukas
On Hunter Thompson**

**Calvin Trillin:
Remembering Luce**

**Hunting Profits
At The Times**

The Small Picture

BY PETER S. PRESCOTT

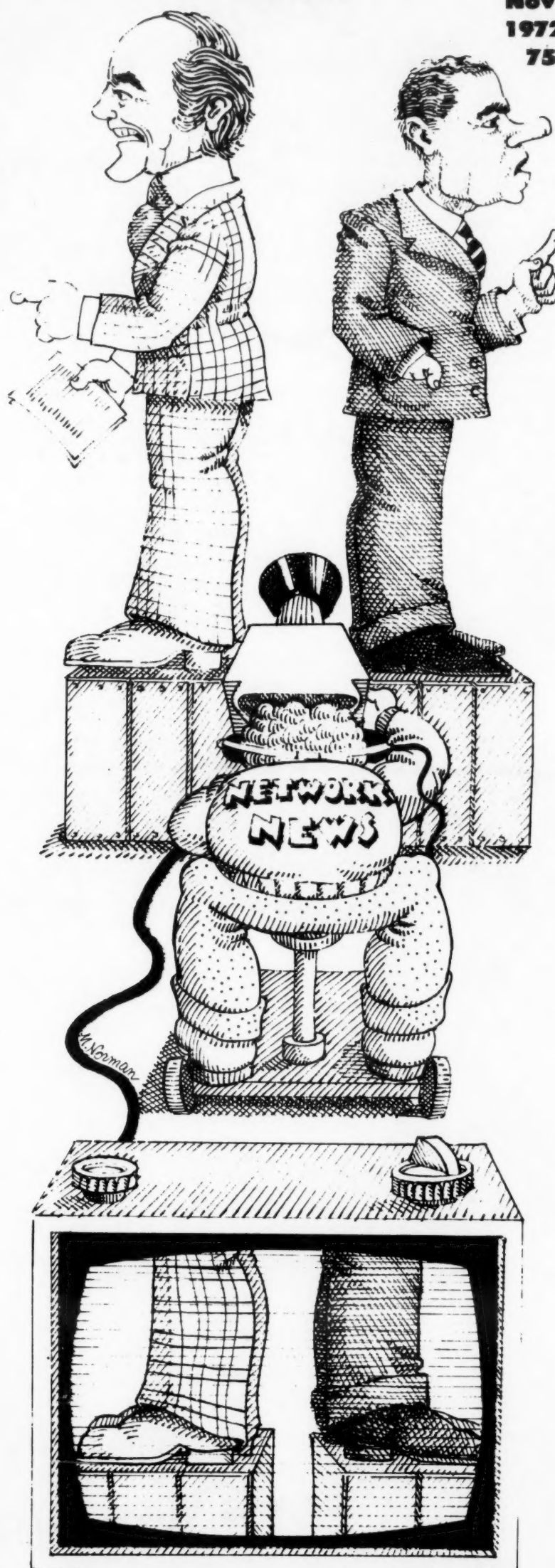
Recently the American Institute for Political Communications found from a study early this summer of network newscasts for 10 days that there was "a significant amount of bias" in their reporting of the Democratic Presidential aspirants . . . The bias they reported was pro-McGovern."

—TV Guide, September 30, 1972

Well, by late September the word that was told in Gath and published in the streets of Askelon indicated that the pro-McGovern bias of network news had survived both the running of the spring primaries and the drought of the summer conventions to intrude deep into the campaign itself. There was, in bars and offices, and on commuting trains, something like a consensus: television newscasts are clearly pro-McGovern. A few cynics would add: he needs all the help he can get from his friends. Certainly he needed something. Anyone challenging an incumbent President needs every 30 seconds or two minutes that television can give to a news story. He needs to get his sincere, concerned face on the screen—to tell the people what is wrong with the country and what he is going to do about it. Exposure, an unfolding of the real issues, is all. Sixty-three per cent of those surveyed in a recent *TV Guide* poll agreed that television provides "the most complete political reporting and coverage." Only 19 per cent thought newspapers more complete; seven per cent, magazines. Fifty-three per cent of those interviewed thought television "the fairest and most objective in its political reporting and coverage," which is not a ringing endorsement until you read that that only 15 per cent favored newspapers in this regard, and eight per cent magazines.

What kind of job, then, does network news do with a political campaign? My concern was not to ask people for interviews or challenge principals to explain themselves, but to examine the product, to look at it with no more information than any viewer has. To try to make sense of it. People of several political persuasions told me the networks favored McGovern, but our impressions of what is being conveyed by a medium that travels past us without regard to our attentiveness and without hope of

continued on page 13



(MORE)

Editor
Richard Pollak

Associate Editor
Terry Pristin

Contributing Editor
J. Anthony Lukas

Publisher
William Woodward 3rd

Business Manager
Tom Reeves

Art Director
Samuel N. Antupit

(CONTENTS)

1. The Small Picture

by Peter S. Prescott

Peter Prescott, a book critic at *Newsweek*, is the author of *A World of Our Own: Notes on Life and Learning in a Boy's Preparatory School* and *Soundings: Encounters with Contemporary Books*.

2. Hellbox: Rosebuds; Missed Opportunity at Time Inc.; Hustling at *Esquire*; Sonny Kleinfield?; Correction.

3. In Defense of Newsmen's Privilege

by Peter J. Bridge

Peter Bridge, who was a reporter on the defunct *Newark Evening News*, entered Essex County (N.J.) jail October 4 for refusing to answer certain questions before a grand jury.

4. The Prince of Gonzo

by J. Anthony Lukas

J. Anthony Lukas is contributing editor of (MORE)

8. Swanberg's Lucifer

by Calvin Trillin

Calvin Trillin, who worked for *Time* in the early 'sixties, writes "U.S. Journal" for *The New Yorker*.

9. Softly Into The Suburbs

by Lee Smith

Lee Smith is a free-lance writer based in New York who writes frequently on the media.

10. The Big Apple: Games *Timesmen* Play?; Battling Bella; A *Gran Voce*.

18. Letters

Illustrations: Marty Norman, pages 1, 14 and 17; Ralph Steadman, page 5; Rene Schumacher, page 12.

(MORE) Volume 2, Number 11 is published monthly by Rosebud Associates, Inc. Subscription rates: 1 year, \$7.50; 2 years, \$14.00; 3 years, \$17.00. Subscription blanks appear on the back page. All subscriptions and other mail should be addressed to:

P.O. Box 2971
Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

Copyright © 1972 by Rosebud Associates, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: (212) 867-9797. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission from the publisher. All rights reserved.

SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT N.Y., N.Y.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code).

- Title of Publication: (MORE) A Journalism Review
- Date of Filing: October 1, 1972
- Frequency of Issue: Monthly
- Location of Known Office of Publication: 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017
- Location of Business Office: 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017
- Names and Address of Publisher and Editor: William Woodward 3rd and Richard Pollak, 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017
- The Owner is: Rosebud Associates, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017
- Stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of stock: William Woodward 3rd, J. Anthony Lukas, Richard Pollak, Mrs. William Woodward Sr. and Carol U. Bernstein, 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017
- Extent and nature of circulation

	Average No. Copies Each issue During Preceding 12 months	Actual Number of Copies Of Single Issue Published Nearest to filing Date
A. Total no. copies printed (net press run)	12,000	15,000
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter sales	1,000	1,000
2. Mail Subscriptions	6,900	9,000
C. Total Paid Circulation	7,900	10,000
D. Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means		
1. Samples, Complimentary, and other free copies	100	100
2. Copies distributed to News Agents, but not sold	2,000	2,000
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	10,000	13,100
F. Office use, left-over, spoiled after printing	2,000	1,900
G. Total (Sum of E&F-should equal net press run shown in A)	12,000	15,000

(HELLBOX)

Rosebuds to Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein of *The Washington Post* for relentlessly pursuing the Watergate scandal, using "old-fashioned" police reporting techniques to painstakingly piece together the puzzle and force the issue out into the open in the last weeks of the Presidential campaign. The *Post* began covering Watergate as a local burglary story and the assignment never left the paper's metropolitan desk. Woodward, 29, normally does local investigative reporting; Bernstein, 28, usually covers the Virginia state legislature. Among the revelations produced by their weeks of legwork:

- The close connection between the Watergate break-in and White House consultant E. Howard Hunt (June 20).
- Identification of the \$25,000 check intended for the Nixon Re-Election Committee in the bank account of Watergate burglar Bernard C. Barker; Maurice Stans' involvement with \$89,000 in other funny money laundered through Mexican banks (August 1).
- The narrow escape by Hunt and former Nixon Committee Finance Counsel Gordon Liddy, who were actually in the Watergate the night of June 17 (September 1).
- A detailed description of the way the bugging system operated, obtained from an informant later identified as former FBI agent and Martha Mitchell security guard Alfred Baldwin (September 11).

- The existence of a \$300,000 secret political espionage fund kept in Stans' office safe and under the control of John Mitchell's chief aides (September 17).

- The fact that the fund was personally controlled by Mitchell during his last ten months as U.S. Attorney General. (September 29).

- The finding by FBI investigators that the Watergate episode was part of a massive campaign of political sabotage as well as espionage; the identification of Donald Segretti as the paid recruiter of agents provocateurs for the Republicans (October 10).

- The identification of Nixon's personal appointments secretary Dwight Chapin as Segretti's White House contact, and the involvement of Nixon's personal attorney, Herbert Kalmbach (October 15).

To the *Post's* credit, it recognized the importance of the Watergate episode from the outset. Ten *Post* reporters, including

Continued on page 18

In Defense of Newsmen's Rights

BY PETER J. BRIDGE

I came to court September 27 dressed in slacks and a sportcoat. The New Jersey Supreme Court had refused to certify my appeal of the contempt conviction, and we had come back to Judge H. Curtis Meanor's [Essex County] court to seek a delay in the surrender order. We needed time to seek a stay of execution from the U.S. Supreme Court. To say I was shocked when he refused would be an understatement. Judge Meanor called the appeal a "charade" and advised my attorney, Ed Gilhooly, that it was "time to quit" since we had lost our case throughout the entire New Jersey court system.

"Nope, I'm not going to do it," said the judge leaning back in his black naugahyde chair and holding his hands in an open-fingered praying position, "All Mr. Bridge has to do is answer five questions. The key to the jailhouse is in his pocket." Now, the judge wasn't playing with a full deck when he made that statement. Only two months before, he had expanded on the original order to answer questions before a grand jury by telling me I was responsible for answering all questions pertaining to the situation referred to in my story (see Editor's Note). Although I had tried unsuccessfully to have the subpoena quashed, I did appear before the grand jury, where I answered dozens of questions that related directly to the published article. I declined to answer those questions which could not be answered by reference to the article—those that departed from the four corners of the piece. Out of that refusal came a court order—and finally, the contempt of court decision.

Judge Meanor's refusal to extend the surrender order September 27 was the last of many disappointments for me in this case, as the court's order was upheld all the way up the judicial ladder. But today's disappointment was particularly worrisome because as they snapped the bracelets on my wrists and led me to the lockup, there was *not one* reporter in the courtroom. What's more, later that day—after I was released on order of the chief justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court—I discovered that no reporter would have known about it unless informed by me. I had called a friend after my release.

I am not an exhibitionist, and I don't usually need an audience. But the lack of one that day caused me for the first time to examine my actions. I had considered myself as a kind of surrogate of the press during the unfolding of the case. The prosecutor was demanding in a sense that I surrender my notebooks, deliver my contacts, expose my sources and violate my personal and professional ethics. All of this would amount to jeopardizing the people's right to a free, unfettered press. Even though I could easily justify my stand on a personal ethical level, I preferred the higher ground of professional integrity and the public right to a free flow of information.

If I had buckled in my resolve, I would have run the danger of destroying sources for newsmen all over the country. By standing fast, I believe, I have not only helped preserve those sources, but possibly even strengthened them. In responding this way, I believe I am doing nothing more—and nothing less—than any reporter would do. These were some of my thoughts during my three-hour stay in that jail cell.

But other thoughts kept intruding in the form of questions: If I'm in here fighting for them, where the hell are they? Why isn't the press out there telling the world about this? I even began to examine the free press proposition in a different light. Maybe the people themselves don't care. If they don't, am I being presumptuous to take this stand? Later events, of course, have resolved most of these questions. I am in jail now,

prepared to stay here as long as necessary, which may be 10 days or may be 30 days. If the courts want to continue their silly games, I could be here much longer. As far as I'm concerned, the Essex County prosecutor and the Superior Court have won all the battles and lost the war. I am confident in saying that because of what has happened since I was jailed. The media have led in the public outrage.

My last remaining question, a haunting one, is: "Press, where were you when I needed you?" Or more accurately, "... when you needed you?" The issue was no different on May 19 [when Bridge was called before the grand jury]. The public pressure that is being brought to bear now could have been aroused then. On July 17, a New Jersey bill that might have served to protect others from going to jail under similar circumstances passed the Senate 25-1. The bill was never even taken up by the Assembly as it prepared to recess for the summer. If the bill had passed, even my case could have turned out differently. Because of the lack of pressure, the politicians refused to react. There is pressure now, though, and the politicians are reacting. According to the majority floor leader in the Assembly, the bill will definitely be voted upon on November 15 and probably adopted. It's too late for me, but we have accomplished a great deal for the future.

I believe it's time for a change in this profession. I believe we've got to stop waiting for important things to happen before we notice them. If there is evil in the making, we should cover *that* with the idea we won't have to cover the evil product. We've got to stop telling the caller who says he's going to shoot his wife to call back when he has actually done so. It's not always easy to discern evil in the making, but I contend that it was in my case. I can't believe that I'm the only one who recognized the potential of this thing. Too many people recognize it now for me to accept that.

I consider myself a moderate man, personally and professionally. I am not a big rooter for advocacy journalism in the daily family newspaper, but I am an advocate of covering stories before they develop into crises. I am in favor of properly labeled news analysis, and I'm not against editorial fervor—on the front page, if necessary—for a just cause.

Radio and television have as much, and possibly more, at stake in the issue of confidentiality of sources. It appears from my less than lofty perch that more and more of the burden for news dissemination will fall upon their shoulders, as more and more newspapers disappear. I myself have ridden two daily papers down, the Newark *Evening News* and the Oneida (N.Y.) *Star*.

In college our instructors told us it was the responsibility of news media to inform, entertain and lead public opinion. It wasn't until I became newsworthy that the press exercised the first and third of those responsibilities. As I sit in this jailhouse, the public outrage literally radiates through the walls. That pleases me a great deal. The current response has restored what was a faltering faith that any action would occur. I seriously wondered if I wanted to continue in a profession that was too fat and lazy to defend itself against a dangerous attack. I've decided to stay because I love it.

As the ordeal progresses, I am reminded constantly of a comment by a friend early into the case. "Remember one thing," he told me, "those are courts of law, not justice. It's up to people like you and me to bring about justice."

Editor's Note

The October 4 jailing of reporter Peter Bridge of the defunct Newark *Evening News* has, as he points out in his piece, written for (MORE) from his prison cell, shocked a sleepy press out of its lethargy. Bridge, who was held in contempt of court for refusing to answer certain questions put to him by an Essex County (N.J.) grand jury investigating corruption in the Newark Housing Authority, became the first journalist to go to jail since the U.S. Supreme Court decided in June that the First Amendment does not automatically protect newsmen from questioning by investigatory bodies. His widely publicized incarceration lent a sense of immediacy to the threats on newsgathering posed by that decision.

Bridge's travail began with an article published in the *News* on May 2 in which he wrote that, "Mrs. Pearl Beatty, a commissioner of

the Newark Housing Authority, said yesterday an unknown man offered to pay her \$10,000 to influence her vote for the appointment of an executive director of the authority." The story prompted a subpoena from the grand jury which Bridge tried unsuccessfully to quash, arguing that he was protected both by the First Amendment (the Supreme Court had not yet rendered its decision) and by a New Jersey statute. His motion to quash was denied on the grounds that by naming his source, he had waived the privilege afforded by the state's "shield" law.

Appearing before the grand jury, Bridge did answer numerous questions, but he balked at the following five:

- Would you please tell us whether Mrs. Beatty provided a description of the unknown man?

• Did Mrs. Beatty provide you with specific acts of harassment and threats other than those outlined in the newspaper article?

• Within the framework of this (a direct quote from his story): "A man walked into my office and offered me \$10,000 if I would vote for 'their' choice for executive director," did Mrs. Beatty indicate who their choice for executive director was?

• In addition to that which is contained in the article, what else did Mrs. Beatty say? Did she say it was a tall man, a white man, a black man, a heavy man, a short man?

• Did Mrs. Beatty indicate when, in fact, the bribe offer took place?

It would seem that those questions should have been answered in his story in order to lend it credibility (although Bridge has since discredited his source by saying that when she appeared before the grand jury, she gave conflicting testimony), but they were not, and Bridge has contended that the grand jury violated his rights as a newsman by seeking unpublished information from him.

Bridge's case differs in one important respect from the three taken up by the Supreme Court. As *Washington Post* Supreme Court reporter John MacKenzie has pointed out (October 14), Bridge's case is weaker than the Caldwell, Pappas and Branzburg cases that lost before the Court in June: "Unlike the other three, Bridge did not claim in court that he had a confidential source or even that the information he was withholding had been given him in confidence." When the New Jersey courts failed to reverse Bridge's July 7 contempt conviction, he sought to have his sentence delayed by the Supreme Court pending appeal to that body. Not surprisingly, in view of his defeated predecessors, the Court turned him down by a vote of 8-1 (with Justice William Douglas dissenting). Nor does it seem likely the court will re-examine the issue of newsmen privilege for some time.

In the Caldwell decision, the Court made it clear that while it saw no privilege inherent in the First Amendment, it would allow Congress and the states to design whatever legislative remedies they deemed necessary. The Bridge case has provided a needed impetus to that end, and it has also served to demonstrate that existing "shield" statutes can be worthless if drawn up too narrowly. Bridge notes that an eleventh-hour attempt to pass a revised New Jersey law failed to arouse

the interest of the state assembly. The bill, proposed by Sen. James Wallwork, provides for absolute privilege. The present New Jersey law would have protected Bridge only if he had failed to name his source.

The furor over Bridge's punishment will, one hopes, prompt a closer examination of the watered-down newsmen's privilege bill expected to go before the Congress early next year. The measure, sponsored by Senators Sam Ervin (D-N.C.) and James Pearson (R-Kansas), supersedes broader proposals such as the absolute privilege bill introduced by Sen. Alan Cranston (D-Calif.) in July. The Ervin-Pearson bill includes so many qualifications that it is hardly preferable to no legislation at all. Under its terms a reporter may be compelled to testify if the following conditions exist:

"First, the information is based on the personal knowledge of the newsman rather than on hearsay communications received by him from others; Second, the information tends to prove or disprove the commission of a crime allegedly committed by a third person which is being investigated by the Grand jury or made the subject of prosecution in the court; and, Third, testimony similar to the information is not readily available from another source."

As Editor & Publisher warned (September 2), "The fact that the section following carries a provision whereby a newsman can appeal to quash the subpoena is of no importance. If the court believes that the three broad qualifications are met, reporters can be forced to participate in any investigation or fishing expedition currently being undertaken if the newsman is foolish enough to conduct his own investigation and write about it."

Bridge's case has dramatized the potential chilling effect of the Caldwell decision on all investigative reporting—not just that which probes politically sensitive issues involving Black Panthers and the drug culture, as in the major preceding cases. As it is, enterprise reporting is all too rare. It seems hardly likely to increase until such time as journalists can be provided with adequate statutory relief from over-zealous prosecutors and the possibility of going to jail for doing their job.—T.P.

The Prince of Gonzo

BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS

"Aaarrggghhh." The strangled croak of the deadly gila monster jolted from its sullen stupor. "Eeeaccckkk." The warning screech of the poisonous reptile about to strike. "Who the hell is it?" shrieks Hunter S. Thompson.

"Uh . . . it's Tony Lukas . . . I'm sorry to wake you, but you told me to call when I got in . . . and it's twenty past noon."

Another hideous groan in the earpiece of my pay phone at Washington's National Airport. Then a mumbled apology: "One of my depraved and degenerate nights. Sorry if I shouted at you. Afraid I blew it with the White House a few hours ago. Some nitwit secretary called about my flight on the President's press plane and I yelled 'what the fuck is it?' She hung up. Oh well. I'll meet you at the pool."

A half-hour later, I find the National Affairs Editor of *Rolling Stone* floating on his back in the Hilton's pool spouting water in the air like a malevolent sperm whale. He scrambles out, six-feet-three of bullet sleekness shedding gallons of chlorinated water, tosses on a salmon sports shirt and white tennis shoes and escorts me to a table at the poolside cafe. The languid waitresses ignore us, so he saunters to the bar and brings us each back a Bloody Mary, with grapefruit juice on the side for him. "Can't start the day without grapefruit. Cuts right through all the booze and dope from the night before. Usually, I order a crate of them and slice 'em up with a machete."

He downs two more grapefruit juices and two more Bloody Marys to go with his tropical fruit plate and cheeseburger as we sit in the sun gazing up at the Hilton's glistening white facade. All around us are efficient-looking types with badges identifying them as delegates to the Liquefied Natural Gas Convention at the hotel. Recalling his acid contempt for most hotels along the campaign trail (he once denounced Milwaukee's Sheraton-Shroeder as a "Nazi pigsty" where the management would only deal with you if "your breath smelled heavily of sauerbraten"), I asked him how he had managed to survive eight months of transient existence. "It's a horror show," he says. "I can't even stand going down to the lobby or

restaurants. More and more I just sit up in my room ordering all this bizarre, exotic shit from room service and denouncing them if they don't have it."

When he first took the *Rolling Stone* political assignment last winter he was supposed to be based in Washington like all other respectable political correspondents. He rented an office in the National Press Building but never moved in, preferring to share a cubicle with the *New York Post* ("I let them use my well-stocked refrigerator and all those free records—better than rent"). With his wife, Sandy, and his eight-year old son, Juan, he moved into a comfortable old house in a wooded section near the District line, but he lasted only a few months. "I detested this town, just couldn't stand living here." Sandy and Juan have since moved back to Woody Creek, Colorado, while Hunter goes on living off room service in pigsties across the land.

He is back in Washington this week in late September on a double mission: looking for the "villain" in the McGovern campaign and trying to get onto Nixon's press plane for the President's trip to New York and California. So far he hasn't made much progress on either score. "The McGovern thing got off so well and has collapsed into such a complete wipeout disaster that you have to fix the blame on somebody. I take some different McGovern guy out drinking every night, but so far I haven't found the villain. I'll track the bastard down, though, until my feet start dripping blood."

He's had even less success with the White House. During the 1968 campaign, Hunter was one of the few correspondents to get a private audience with Nixon, sharing the back seat of his car in New Hampshire on the proviso that they talk only football. But when he got to Washington this year, Nixon's press people steadfastly refused to grant him White House credentials ("a music magazine doesn't need a man up here," he was told).



And, in recent months, he has written some rather uncomplimentary things about the President (comparing the Nixon campaign to "six months in a Holiday Inn" and the Republican convention to "a bad pornographic film") and his British illustrator, Ralph Steadman, went him one better—portraying the President as some kind of vile, filth-spewing piranha fish. "I would understand by this time if they didn't think I'd make the best company for the President," Hunter chuckles, "but all I want them to do is say so. Refuse me. Ban me from the plane. Then I can blast them. But that's just what they won't do, the canny bastards. All I've gotten for seven days is the silent treatment. Hell, the plane leaves the day after tomorrow. I guess I better get upstairs and start making some phone calls."

Up in his room on the Hilton's top floor, the first thing I notice is a rash of papers Scotch-taped to the bathroom mirror. There is a letter from Lewis Lapham, managing editor of *Harper's*, turning down Hunter's proposal for a piece on the Auburn-Alabama football game; a memo from Hunter to Gary Hart, the McGovern campaign director, advising him to accept John Lindsay's offer to campaign for McGovern ("Fuck his lack of popularity. Send the bastard out on the hustings immediately."); and several lists with items like "shirts to hotel laundry;" "cash check;" "swim?;" "Booze—case W.T.;" "Mac speakers;" "Volvo tires;" "Call Semple (Ziegler);" "Stearns-Buchanan."

I raise an eyebrow and Hunter explains: "After one of my debauched nights I'm totally wiped out. Unless I have that stuff right in front of me, I don't know what I'm doing." The tires, the shirts, the swim and the check are self-explanatory. "W.T." is Wild Turkey, Hunter's favorite bourbon, a quart of which stands half-empty on the dresser. "Mac" stands for McIntosh, the best stereo speakers available, \$1,050 and up. ("I'm a sound freak," Hunter says. "My sound system out in Woody Creek is so powerful it broke the plate glass window; now I want to make it even

more powerful.") But what's all that about Semple, Ziegler, Stearns and Buchanan?

Hunter smiles a sly, good-old-Southern-boy grin (he is, after all, a good old Southern boy from Louisville, Kentucky, although he is loath to admit it—even to himself). "That's my White House strategy," he says. And it's a pretty wild strategy. Semple is Robert Semple, the *New York Times* White House correspondent, a very straight, very preppy, Yale-educated journalist who seems like just about the last reporter in Washington for Hunter S. Thompson to call on in a situation like this. But Hunter and Semple were colleagues briefly sometime ago on the *National Observer* and they've kept in touch—at some physical and psychic distance—over the years. Hunter has asked the clout-wielding *Timesman* to intervene for him with press secretary Ron Ziegler and Semple has agreed to try. But what about "Stearns—Buchanan?" That is even better. Stearns is Rick Stearns, the McGovern strategist, and Hunter has learned that he is a close friend of Pat Buchanan, the Nixon speechwriter. So McGovern's house radical is calling Nixon's starchy conservative to try to get the lunatic *Rolling Stone* correspondent on the President's plane. Only Hunter S. Thompson could have engineered a three-cushion shot like that.

The middle man in all this is Gerald Warren, the assistant White House press secretary, so the first thing Hunter does up in the room is to place a call to Warren who, of course, isn't in as he hasn't been in to Hunter S. Thompson for the past week. Hunter leaves word, then slams the phone down mumbling about "those little secretaries with their sing-song, Pepsi-Cola, ad agency voices." He strides to the refrigerator, breaks out a Ballantine, pops a Marlboro in his horn filter, and slaps a Rolling Stones cassette into his Sony. And there he sits on the bed, beer in one hand, cigarette in the other, phone juggling back and forth or cradled under the chin, and "Jumpin' Jack Flash" jumpin' on the Sony. It is 4 P.M. and Hunter's working day has begun.

"This is the time I usually get started," he says. "Days are for detail work. Nothing important ever happens during the day. Nobody ever tells me the truth in their office. I have to get them on neutral ground at the very least, which usually means a bar. And I never start writing before midnight. By that time I'm usually pretty spaced out on booze and speed—I've eaten enough speed this year my brain should be fried to a cinder, like a piece of bacon. I'll put some music on the Sony—usually Herbie Mann's "Memphis Underground" if I'm into serious politics, but if I want Gonzo Journalism then usually something with a more jerky rhythm like the Stones or the Grateful Dead. And I'll stay with it until I'm burnt out, usually about dawn." (Many of Hunter's pieces begin with dawn rising outside some hotel room. Tim Crouse, another *Rolling Stone* correspondent who has spent a lot of time with Hunter this year, describes him during those early morning writing binges as "this great bird, this huge dactyl, with his arms like wings out to his sides, his fingers poised over the keys. Very erect, very excited. He'll rip out a burst. Stop. Wait for it again. Then rip off some more.")

By now it's five o'clock and Hunter still hasn't heard from Gerald Warren. He calls again and this time Warren's secretary asks him to hold. He holds for four minutes. "Ah, it's their new technique—put me on permanent hold." He hangs up, gets another Ballantine and starts pacing the floor, really angry now. "Come on, Warren, you motherfucker! The horror of all this is that I've never even wanted to cover these bastards. I don't like them." Abruptly, he grabs some binoculars and silently sweeps the horizon. "God, what a scene! It looks like Pittsburgh. Churches and government buildings. If you added banks, you'd have total corruption."

At 5:48 the phone rings. "Yes, Mr. Warren. I've had a difficult time reaching you." Pause. "Oh, fine." When he puts the phone down, Hunter looks very pleased with himself. Like Alexander Graham Bell, he shouts "It worked! It really worked!" He celebrates with a third beer. Then he puts on blue hip-huggers, a red Italianate sports shirt and white loafers. "Everything I'm wearing comes out of this one shop in Miami. In New Hampshire I was wearing my usual stuff—jeans, lumber jackets, sneakers—and I got thrown out of several restaurants. So when I got to Miami I said, 'O.K., if you bastards want a suit I'll really get you something.' But this isn't my style." As if to prove that, he pulls a green and

He strides to the refrigerator, breaks out a Ballantine, pops a Marlboro in his horn filter, and slaps a Rolling Stones cassette into his Sony. And there he sits on the bed, beer in one hand, cigarette in the other. . . It is 4 P. M. and Hunter's working day has begun.

grey lumber jacket on over his mod duds and drapes an Aztec medallion around his neck ("I don't function well without it," he explains. "A karma kind of thing").

Then we're off on Hunter's quotidian search for villainy at McGovern headquarters. In the subterranean reaches of the Hilton complex, we clamber into his big Volvo 174 with the "Keep Big Sur Beautiful" sticker on the bumper, and plunge into the rush hour maelstrom. Gulping his fourth Ballantine which he had stowed away in his kit bag, Hunter grumbles: "Worst traffic in the world. The street pattern here is a perfect metaphor for what's happened to the Bill of Rights. It all made perfect, logical sense when it was laid out years ago. Then they put in all these cross grids and got all fucked up."

Stowing the car in a lot next to McGovern Central on K Street, we pass a BMW motorcycle chained to a fence. "Nice bike," he mumbles. Hunter is a bike freak. He owns three of them. His first book, *Hell's Angels* (1966), is a first-hand report on the California motorcycle gang; his second, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (1972), is nominally about Hunter's trip to cover the Mint 400 motorcycle race; and through that book, some of his other recent writings and, one suspects, much of his fantasy life, churns an incredible monster bike called the Vincent Black Shadow ("two thousand cubic inches, developing two hundred brake-horsepower at four thousand revolutions per minute on a magnesium frame with two styrofoam seats and a total curb weight of exactly two hundred pounds"). One suspects Hunter loves bikes not merely as machines but as vehicles for the outlaw band. It was precisely his affinity with the outlaw style which makes his *Hell's Angels* book such a good one. Indeed, today, he is the quintessential Outlaw Journalist.

Once inside the eight-story McGovern catacomb, it is clear that Hunter not only knows his way around but is respected, even loved, by these people. "Hi, Hunter," says a girl in jeans. "Well, if it isn't Hunter S. Thompson, the eminent pundit," jibes a mustachioed functionary. Of course, he has been following the McGovern campaign longer than all but a handful of reporters (he recalls a frozen grey afternoon during the New Hampshire primary when he was one of only six reporters on the McGovern "press bus"—and Tim Crouse was one of the others). His interview with McGovern, while both relieved themselves in a hotel urinal, has become an insiders' classic. From the start, he obviously liked the McGovern volunteers. "They are very decent people," he wrote back in March. "They are working hard, they are very sincere." And, by and large, he liked and respected their candidate (in that same piece, he called him an "honest man," who gave "straight answers" and said "all the right things").

Indeed, Hunter was one of the first political reporters this year to sense the dedication and organizational ability of the McGovern campaign during the primaries and in a May 11 piece—when McGovern still had only 95 of the 1,508 delegate votes he needed in Miami—Hunter predicted he would win the ballot on the first nomination. On the other hand, he also saw very early that McGovern lacked something crucial, which he called "one dark kinky streak of Mick Jagger in his soul." In an April 13 article, he went on to write prophetically, "Kennedy, like Wallace, was able to connect with people on some kind of visceral, instinctive level that is probably both above and below 'rational politics'. McGovern does not appear to have this instinct. He does not *project* real well . . ." And, perhaps most important, Hunter perceived very early that despite all the pizzazz of the New Politics, McGovern—as he wrote in his March 2 piece—"is really just another good Democrat."

For Hunter that is a terrible indictment. As he says, his political consciousness was born on the afternoon of August 24, 1968, at the corner of Michigan and Balboa in the city of Chicago. The flailing nightsticks, the blood, the naked hatred and—most particularly—the cynicism of most of the "good Democrats" gathered there drove him nearly wild. For two weeks afterwards, back in Aspen, he couldn't talk about Chicago without breaking into tears. And that led directly to his renowned "freak power" campaign for Sheriff of Pitkin County. Originally, the campaign was designed as a wild, frightening diversion—so that, by comparison, Hunter's friend Ned Vair would seem a moderate and win election to the County Commission. Hunter's platform was indeed pretty wild: renaming Aspen "Fat City"; ripping up the streets with jackhammers and planting grassy sod instead; disarming the sheriff's deputies, and savagely harassing business and real estate exploiters of the valley. But as thousands of "freaks" and not-such-freaks rallied to his campaign—which was really animated by a deep love of his beautiful valley and a passionate hatred for its commercial despoilers—for one crazy moment he thought he just might make it. He didn't, but he came pretty close, close enough to make him and his friends begin wondering whether they couldn't transfer "the politics of madness" to the national level. That, he says, is what led him into political

coverage this year. "I wanted to learn something about big time national politics and see whether some of our ideas might work up here."

But most of the time big time politics has simply revolted him. "The only thing worse than going out on the campaign trail and getting hauled around in a booze-frenzy from one speech to another is having to come back to Washington and write about it." Or, more typically, a gut eruption like: "How long, O Lord. How long? Where will it end? The only possible good that can come of this wretched campaign is the ever-increasing likelihood that it will cause the Democratic Party to self-destruct." And he saves his vilest eruptions for the "good Democrats"—men like Mayor Daley, Scoop Jackson, George Meany—whom he called "a gang of senile leeches." Ed Muskie, he wrote, "talked like a farmer with terminal cancer trying to borrow money on next year's crop." And Hubert Humphrey was "a treacherous, gutless old ward-heeler who should be put in a goddamn bottle and sent out with the Japanese current."

And so it was profoundly depressing for Hunter to see McGovern proving his worst suspicions of the spring—backing off his boldest positions, sucking up to Mayor Daley, kowtowing to Brooklyn Democratic leader Meade Esposito, apologizing, temporizing, playing the "good Democrat" game. "McGovern could have won this time if only he'd followed the strategy his own man, Fred Dutton, laid down in his book—tapping the new forces abroad in the land. Dutton understood that it's only at times like these—when you come in with a wild card—that you can play on your own terms. They started that way. But McGovern—or somebody around him—lost his nerve. And I'm going to find out who."

The search doesn't prove very fruitful that day, either. Everybody at McGovern Central is too depressed about the new polls showing their man many points behind. Hunter tries to find Pat Caddell, McGovern's pollster, but everywhere he goes Caddell has just left. "That bastard," he grumbles, "he's like a fucking lizard slithering from floor to

"The only thing worse than going out on the campaign trail and getting hauled around in a booze-frenzy from one speech to another is having to come back to Washington and write about it. . . The only possible good [in] this wretched campaign is the. . . likelihood that. . . the Democratic Party will self-destruct."

floor." Finally, he traps the lizard in his office and quietly, skillfully, grills him on the day's grim statistics. Later, he tapes a note to Rick Stearns' chair, telling him he got on the Nixon plane, and joshes for a few minutes with a bone-weary Gary Hart. (Hunter's rapport with the McGovern staffers is impressive, but Marty Nolan, the *Boston Globe's* Washington correspondent, explains it this way: "Hunter pays more attention to the McGovern people than anybody else. He tells anecdotes about them, makes personalities of them, quotes them at great length. And since so many of the McGovern staff are in politics as an ego-trip, they love all that and go on talking to him—at their peril.")

It's getting on towards nine P.M. That's when the Kansas City Chiefs and the New Orleans Saints are due to start playing on ABC Monday Night Football. Hunter is also a football freak and he absolutely, positively wants to see that game. We prowl the desolate boulevards of downtown Washington hunting for a bar with a color set and end up in the dank, dreary cellar of Bassin's Lounge, two blocks from the White House. The set there is color all right, but the signals barely seem able to penetrate the layers of macadam and concrete between us and the street. We get a muddy Missouri River of a picture with the New Orleans catfish and the Kansas City carp wiggling through the muck. But New Orleans is putting up a surprisingly good fight against the favored Chiefs, so we decide to say. Hunter orders a Wurzburger, I a Heineken's.

"Jesus, I love football," he exclaims. "Last Monday I flew into New York from Denver and I realized the game was on. So instead of catching the shuttle straight down here as I'd planned, I went to this scurvy bar in Queens filled with truck drivers and longshoremen. It was great!" Hunter orders another Wurzburger.

"You know Nixon's watching on a better set than this one," he muses. "Yesterday, watching on the old black and white set up in my room, I got this sudden flash I ought to call the White House and ask whether I could come over and see the game with the President. We really did have a pretty good talk last time. He's a goddamn stone fanatic on pro football." Hunter orders another Wurzburger.

On the other side of the room, some white-haired guy sits down at the piano and starts banging out tunes like "When the Saints Come Marching In" and "When Irish Eyes are Smiling." There are only six other people in the bar and we're all watching the game, and it's quite clear that the old guy is playing just as loud as he possibly can in some horrid spite because we aren't listening to him. Hunter is seething. "That bastard represents everything I hate about this town," he growls. "The fucking 'forties mentality." (Hunter has a volcanic temper. He generally keeps it under control, but when it erupts it is evidently an awesome phenomenon. He is reported to have ripped a door off its hinges at the Democratic convention. Sidney Zion, the former *Scanlan's* editor, recalls another such incident. Hunter wrote three pieces for *Scanlan's* during its short existence in 1970 but then bitterly feuded with the magazine over money. This summer he and Zion met in an elevator at the Fontainebleau and Zion recalls: "He was just livid. His face got red, the veins stood out in his neck, and he shouted—with all these terrified people cowering in the corners—I'm going to kill you, you bastard, I'll mace you.") I was afraid Hunter might do something like that to the piano-player. Instead, he ordered another Wurzburger.

I am trying to keep pace with Hunter's chugalugging. But it's tough. He's already downed six Wurzburgers and is half way through his seventh. The alcohol doesn't help the abominable set: vermillion amoebae are beginning to mate with gangrenous globules. Hunter concedes, "This is the low point in my viewing history." We adjourn to Anna Maria's, an Italian restaurant which has two virtues: it stays open late and it serves Hunter's favorite hors d'oeuvre: garlic bread spread with sliced green peppers. To wash that down he orders a double Margarita.

I ask Hunter to explain what he has been trying to do in his *Rolling Stone* pieces this year. Just what is Gonzo Journalism? He chuckles. "Gonzo all started with Bill Cardoza, who used to be editor of the *Boston Globe Sunday Magazine*. I first met him on the Nixon press bus in New Hampshire in 1968. This very straight guy in a grey overcoat—could have been a *New York Times* man—sat down next to me. He leans over and says, 'You the guy who wrote the Hell's Angels book?' I said I was. 'You get high?' he asked. I said I did, but I must have been looking nervously around because he said, 'Don't worry, these fuckers are all so square they won't know what you're doing'. So there we sat smoking dope on the Nixon press bus! Then Cardoza left the *Globe* and the next time I heard from him was after I wrote the Kentucky Derby piece for *Scanlan's*. The Derby piece was a breakthrough for me. Maybe because it was set in my home town and I had to confront all my early life—you know I was a real juvenile delinquent back there, got picked up on a phony rape charge, all that. Anyway, the Derby piece was the first time I realized you could write different. And after it appeared I got this note from Cardoza saying, 'that was pure Gonzo journalism'!

"I'm not sure what it means. Some Boston word for weird, bizarre. But to me it means intense, demented involvement. I use it very often to contrast with 'Professional Journalism,' which I guess I don't have too much respect for." (Hunter first became disenchanted with conventional journalism while writing about the Hell's Angels, whom he felt were badly misunderstood and grossly sensationalized by most Professional Journalists.) "I have lots of respect for some of the professional reporters I've met on the campaign this year—Jim Naughton of *The New York Times*, Dave Broder of *The Washington Post*, Jules Witcover of *The Los Angeles Times*. I use their stuff all the time, which means I have some of the best leg men in the world working for me. But I wouldn't want to do what they do, and most daily journalists don't even approach their skill. Not because they don't have it in them, but because it's never asked of them. Most newspapers are satisfied to work through the old, worn-out formulas—the five w's, objectivity, all that." I ask whether he feels part of the New Journalism. "Not really. I like what Wolfe does—all that detailed recreation of events and moods. But he isn't involved. Not even Mailer gets involved the way I do. Hell, in Chicago, while I was down at Michigan and Balboa getting beaten up, Mailer was in a bar looking down on the scene." (Tim Crouse says he would have a hard time placing Hunter in any literary tradition. "His favorite book is *The Great Gatsby*. He loves the precision and compression of Fitzgerald's writing. But the writer I'd compare him to most is Twain—because everything he writes is so very serious and so very funny at the same time.")

Others are less complimentary. Marty Nolan wonders whether "it's really necessary to wade through 3,000 words of why he's having so much difficulty grinding out the piece. When Hunter is clicking he's very good—particularly in catching mood and nuance—but when he's bad, he's tedious." Others say he often gets his facts wrong. Ron Rosenbaum of the *Village Voice* specifically contests Hunter's version of an incident involving him in Miami Beach. And a reporter who asked not to be identified said, "Hunter is a genius, but like all geniuses he doesn't like to be held down by mere facts. I get the impression he takes some liberties."

Certainly, Hunter takes liberties. But he is constantly surprised when others take them at face value. Both in person and at the typewriter, he is a great put-on artist. It's part of his reportorial technique. "I get some of my best stuff by provoking people. I'll go up and tell someone he's a fascist. Whether he is or isn't, I inevitably learn something from his reaction." But in his articles he expects people to sort out dreary fact from merry fantasy. In one piece, he had Frank Mankiewicz jump out of the New Hampshire bushes and whack him over the head with a shoe. In another, he solemnly reported that Ed Muskie has been taking "massive doses" of a West African drug called Ibogaine that produces tearful breakdowns, delusions and total rage. "Do you know, some pretty sophisticated reporters actually believed both of those bits. So I've started telegraphing my punches a little more or following them with a phrase like "My God, what makes me write crazy stuff like that?"

But the keynote of Hunter's writing is the pervasive sense of imminent apocalypse. Cars are always "screeching" and "fishtailing;" Hunter almost blows up Nixon and his staff by lighting a zippo too near an airplane gas tank; a blue indigo snake is beaten to death in the marble lobby of a New York publisher; the campaign begins to feel "more and

"All right, you son of a bitch," shouts

Hunter. . . He brings the bottle down with incredible force on the unsuspecting head. It pops like a percussion cap, driving splinters of glass deep into the bartender's bald skull and spewing an eerie mixture of blood and wine all over. . .

more like the second day of a Hell's Angels picnic;" and hearing young voices wailing in the night must sound to an Old Guard candidate "like camping out in the North Woods and suddenly coming awake in your tent around midnight to the horrible snarling and screaming sounds of a werewolf killing your guard dog somewhere out in the trees beyond the campfire."

Over his second double Margarita, I ask Hunter about all that and he says, "Yes, I do believe we're heading toward apocalypse—the collapse, the total shame and impotence of the American Dream." And there are constant hints of a personal apocalypse. Hunter has often said that he never expected to live past 30. He is now 35, but those who watch him downing gargantuan torrents of alcohol and popping speed like jelly beans wonder whether he will make it to 40. Bob Semple says he fears "there will be a flaming demise one day, that Hunter will be the Jimi Hendrix of American journalism."

Hunter has downed his third double Margarita, and we are into a bottle of icy white wine when the lights go up to tell us it is two o'clock and all unconsumed liquor must be surrendered. Hunter sneaks the half-empty bottle onto the floor by his foot and we go on talking. But a few minutes later, as he tries to put the cork in, the bottle slips and the alert bartender hears it. He hustles over and demands the wine. Hunter demurs, saying he has paid for it and wants to take it home. "Give me that damn bottle," the burly bartender demands. "All right, you son of a bitch," shouts Hunter. Leaping up from his chair, he brings the bottle down with incredible force on the unsuspecting head. It pops like a percussion cap, driving splinters of glass deep into the bartender's bald skull and spewing an eerie mixture of blood and wine all over the surrounding tables and flabbergasted patrons. Calmly, Hunter leans down, picks up a long pointed, shard of glass, rips the bartender's starched shirt front off and, with cool precision carves "THE AMERICAN DREAM" in bloody strokes on his chest.

A few minutes later, we are cruising down a deserted Pennsylvania Avenue in Hunter's Volvo. We pass the White House glowing unnaturally bright there in the dark. By the fence, four or five Quakers keep their endless vigil against the war. "Oh God," Hunter exclaims. "They're still there, those brave bastards." He drops me off at my hotel. We shake hands formally, silently. Then he whips the car into high gear and goes careening off down Pennsylvania avenue, fishtailing along the white line into the night. And I remember the last pages of *Hell's Angels*, in which he describes what it is like to ride a monster bike along a California beach at night: "That's when the strange music starts, when you stretch your luck so far that fear becomes exhilaration and vibrates along your arms. . . You watch the white line and try to lean with it, howling through a turn to the right, then to the left and down the long hill to Pacifica, letting off now, watching for cops, but only until the next dark stretch and another few seconds on the edge. . . The Edge. . ."

Swanberg's Lucifer

BY CALVIN TRILLIN



Charles Scribner's Sons. 529 pages. \$12.50.

I have an embarrassing paucity of Henry Luce anecdotes. I can remember reading only one of his memos—a paragraph or two about some finagling that had just been revealed in the Internal Revenue Service during the Kennedy Administration. Such improprieties should not be treated lightly, it said, because they were truly wicked. I meant to keep the memo—not because it was written by Luce but because I found it interesting that in 1962 someone was still able to use “wicked” in its original meaning rather than as a way to describe a curve ball or a left hook. I once had the opportunity to ask Luce about *Time*'s distortion of the news, but I can't remember exactly what he said. I was a summer employee at the time—one of a dozen college boys who attended a series of luncheons at which we were encouraged to ask various *Time* executives what the personnel men called “probing and provocative questions.” I do remember what Luce said in response to my preliminary probe—a request to explain why *Time* always seemed to describe President Eisenhower as “striding briskly” into a room. He said that, as someone who had seen the General's entrance into a number of rooms, he could assure me that “striding briskly” was the most accurate way to describe it. That one stopped me for a minute. As I had rehearsed the confrontation before lunch, the possibility that Luce would claim truth as a defense never occurred to me. I managed to go on to what I considered my most provocative question. Since my research had shown Richard Nixon and Joseph McCarthy to have approximately the same heaviness of beard, I said, how could *Time*, *The Weekly Newsmagazine*, justify its policy of calling Nixon boyish and McCarthy swarthy? (Picking an example that had McCarthy rather than some pinko as the injured party was what passed for shrewdness then among college boys.) I can't remember what he said to that. In fact, while I was plowing through all of the memos and diaries and letters and recorded reminiscences in W. A. Swanberg's *Luce and His Empire*, I began to feel that Luce's answer to my question might have been the only words he ever uttered that someone did not copy down verbatim.

I had a few other minor encounters with Luce, but none of them did anything to change the impression I had formed of him from afar. That first impression—put together from stories at Yale and gossip at *Time*—was equally unaffected by reading four-hundred and eighty-five pages of *Luce and His Empire*. I had always assumed that there had to be more to the story of Luce and Briton Hadden than the roles they were assigned in legend—Hadden as the wacky and brilliant sophisticate who invented *Time*, Luce as the earnest, driving, awesomely humorless Christy who, after Hadden's death, turned it into a corporation that profitably marketed the Luce version of Americanism. What Swanberg's book does is to bring forward a lot of documentation indicating that the old cliché was true in the first place. If that is all Luce amounted to, I suppose I should be disappointed in Luce rather than Swanberg. But if that is all Luce amounted to, he was not a very interesting man, and my disappointment in Swanberg's book is partly that it spends so many words on Luce and so few on his empire.

Swanberg seems to have little interest in Luce's magazines except in so far as Luce used them to advance his political beliefs. *Luce and His Empire* is a political biography rather than a journalistic biography. Swanberg's approach seems to me to be an elaboration of the classic fifties liberal critique of *Time*. There is, of course, something to be said for the classic 'fifties liberal critique of *Time*, particularly when it is presented, as Swanberg presents it, with thorough and carefully constructed research. In its own review of *Luce and His Empire*, *Time* seemed to acknowledge as fact the “serious ‘Luce-press’ distortions, mainly from the 1952 and 1956 campaigns and the Eisenhower presidential years,” enumerated by Swanberg. Certainly the opposite of the liberal critique—the old argument, presented most recently by John Jessup of *Life* in his *New Republic* review of Swanberg's book, that begins by knocking down the straw man of “perfect objectivity” and goes on to claim that Luce “aspired

(with imperfect success) to fairness and accuracy”—is preposterous. I don't think there are many people left at Time Inc. who could deny that *Time*'s treatment of, say, Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver and the State Department's China experts was wicked in both the Henry Luce and the curve ball sense of the word. Swanberg presents a lot of evidence that *Time*'s political biases were exercised even more viciously in the 'thirties than in the 'fifties. At one point in its history, *Time*'s regular manner of referring to the prime minister of France on second mention was “Jew Blum.”

As a number of reviewers have pointed out, Swanberg allows himself to be carried away by the liberal critique. Writing a political biography of Luce as a way of writing about America's natural progression from the theories of Manifest Destiny to the religion of lunatic Anti-Communism is a reasonable idea, but it loses some of its effect because Swanberg insists on treating Luce not as an example but as a cause—and practically the only cause. (He does not specifically say that Luce was

Honor Thy Father

Both *Time* and *Life* assigned reviewers to *Luce and his Empire*. *Time*'s assessment, an adroit high-wire act by books editor Timothy Foote, ran more than three columns in the October 9 issue. *Life*, on the other hand, at the last minute spiked the review handed in by its frequent contributor, Wilfred Sheed. As usual, the magazine's executives treated the matter with a frenzy of candor. David Scherman, *Life*'s books editor and the man who had to break the news to Sheed after telling him he liked the review, told us: “You'd better take the matter up with [managing editor Ralph] Graves; the last one I'm still getting over”—a reference to (MORE)'s disclosure (October, 1971) that *Life* had allowed Norman Mailer to pressure it into killing a Susan Brownmiller review of *The Prisoner of Sex*. Graves said: “Gee, I'm sorry, but our reasons for not running the review are something between Sheed and us. I'm sorry, but I don't want to discuss it.” Sheed insists that no one at the magazine even bothered to tell him why the review was killed. So in search of an answer we put the question to Hedley Donovan, editor-in-chief of the Empire. “We didn't think it was very good,” he said. Why? “I don't think I want to go into more detail,” he explained . . . Unlike Foote's review, which studiously avoids unflattering references to Luce's personality, Sheed's review suggests that the Emperor may have been quite an intellectual lightweight. But he is even harder on W. A. Swanberg, accusing him of inflating his villains “hideously” just as Luce did and concluding that Luce “deserves more discriminating treatment than this.” The entire review, altered only slightly, will appear soon in *The New York Times Sunday Book Review*.

—R.P.

responsible for the atmosphere that led to the assassination of John Kennedy, but, then, *Time* did not specifically say that Dean Acheson and the State Department's China specialists were Communists.) Particularly in the later part of the book, Swanberg sounds so hostile that a reader may forget that he has been quite fair about including dozens of facts that weaken the interpretation of *Time* as nothing but a weekly articulation of Luce's prejudices. (He mentions, for instance, that *Time*'s relatively balanced coverage of the Kennedy-Nixon campaign—coverage that people at the time liked to ascribe to some complicated machination of the China Lobby or some deal Fulton Sheen had made with Mrs. Luce—was caused by the fact that the managing editor was ill and the assistant managing editor happened to be a fair-minded man.) I think the current fashions in magazine journalism also contribute to making Swanberg's criticism of *Time* news coverage seem more like premeditated overkill than it really is: when magazine reporters routinely invent entire scenes, it seems almost quaint to spend a paragraph berating *Time* for a loaded verb.

I don't think the liberal critique would have worked well as a premise even if Swanberg had shown more restraint. It was always a

narrow view of Luce and his empire, and often an irrelevant one. As Dwight Macdonald pointed out in his *Sunday Times* review of Swanberg's book, the most important influence of *Time* and the other magazines—"the real horror of the Lucepress," in Macdonald's view—has probably been cultural rather than political. An interpretation of *Time* that rests partly on how many times Chiang Kai-shek has been on the cover puts a disproportionate emphasis on *Time*'s political clout compared to the impact it had on language and on cultural values and even on the way Americans view medicine or show business. (One result of trying to isolate the Chinese communists, of course, was that, except for its periodic genuflection of Chiang, even *Time* could not find much to say about China between the Korean war and the cultural revolution. In the early 'sixties, the China discussion among *Time* writers seemed concerned mainly with whether or not Jesse Birnbaum, a pun-junkie who was then writing the Show Business section, would ever manage to sneak the phrase "Peiping Tom" into the magazine.)

I have always thought that the most serious flaw in the liberal critique was its naive assumption that *Time*'s problems in telling an honest story were based on Henry Luce's being a Republican. Since I have known anything about *Time*'s editorial operation, the normal mood of *Time* writers has been mild disaffection—the tone of *Time* writers discussing the management would be familiar to anyone who ever heard the conversation of Enlisted Men from Princeton in the pre-Vietnam army—but, contrary to the impression Swanberg leaves, the disaffection has never had a lot to do with politics. If people who have written for *Time* are asked which piece on the magazine has come closest to expressing what working there is like, they are likely to mention Otto Friedrich's essay called "There Are 00 Trees in Russia" (*Harpers*, October, 1964), which was about the editorial process of a newsmagazine rather than its politics and was written by someone whose magazine experience up to that time had been at *Newsweek*. (Friedrich, who later wrote a perceptive book about the *Saturday Evening Post*, is now a senior editor at *Time*. I hope he's taking notes.)

After reading Swanberg's book, I still don't know how much Luce had to do with the process of group journalism as it evolved at *Time*. (I did read in another book that it was Briton Hadden who invented the writer-researcher system, and that he did it with the thought that the sexual tension between the male writer and the female researcher would help make it work.) Swanberg does bring to our attention the remarkable fact that, long after *Time* could have afforded its own bureaus and correspondents, Luce decided they were unnecessary. But, except for recounting the names of those correspondents who handled travel arrangements for Luce during his tours, Swanberg does not seem very interested in the *Time* news-gathering operation—in discussing to what extent foreign correspondents existed in order to be mentioned in the Publisher's Letter, say, or to what extent a *Time* bureau chief really was, as Luce himself implied, an ambassador rather than a reporter. (Whenever I pass a particularly luxurious mansion in a foreign capital, my first thought is that it must be an Arab embassy or the home of the *Time* bureau chief.) Swanberg does not go into the non-political problems of group journalism—the problems brought on by division of responsibility, say, or the problems caused by each refinement of a story being made by someone who knows less about the situation than the person whose copy he is working on. He does not even bother to keep in mind how the *Time* editorial process works: toward the end of the book he talks about a correspondent being enraged because a cover story "of which he was the author, underwent substantive changes in New York." (Correspondents in the field are not the authors of *Time* cover stories, although one could argue that they should be; they write for the writer in New York. I knew one *Time* writer who believed that including anything a correspondent wrote verbatim was an act of plagiarism.) With Luce dead and the Communist Chinese in the United Nations and *Time* breaking stories that embarrass Republicans, the question of how well *Time* can lie when it wants to seems a lot less interesting than the question of how close it can come to telling the truth when it wants to. What Henry Luce left the world, after all, was not The China Lobby but the newsmagazine.

Softly into the Suburbs

BY LEE SMITH

The reporters and editors of *The New York Times* have for years observed and recorded the distressing economic decline of their city. And nowhere have these urban crisis stories from the third floor of the *Times* been read with greater concern than on the second floor of the *Times*, in the offices of the newspaper's advertising executives. They know, better than the newsmen, the troubling concomitants of the flight to the suburbs. When the middle class goes and where it goes, retail business is sure to follow. Best & Co. and DePinna close on Fifth Avenue and dozens of shopping plazas open in places like Patchogue and Paramus. Retail advertising revenues account for about one fifth of the *Times*' advertising income. The *Times* is convinced that it cannot simply shrug in resignation and watch that money fly to the suburban dailies and weeklies that ring the city. "A large part of our readership has opted to move out of the city and we have to move with our readers and advertisers," says John McCabe, the *Times*' senior vice president in charge of advertising, circulation, marketing and promotion. "That's where our future is."

What the *Times* has in mind, of course, is not a fullscale withdrawal, like that of The New York Giants to the Jersey Meadows. The newspaper plans a gradual expansion into the suburbs. And the most convenient vehicle, at least at the start, is the Sunday edition, by far the most potent revenue producer the *Times* has. With its circulation of 1.5 million, it earns more advertising dollars than the six daily editions put together and has a huge suburban readership concentrated in three separate zones to the east, west and north of Times Square. To the east is Brooklyn, Queens and Long Island with a circulation of 400,000. To the west is New Jersey with 300,000. To the north, Westchester County with 90,000 and Fairfield County with 50,000. Each of the zones constitutes a distinct trading area, and there are many retail advertisers who are interested in reaching only readers within a single area. For example, Abraham & Straus has outlets only in Brooklyn and Long Island. All but one of Bamberger's 13 stores are in New Jersey.

To make the Sunday paper an attractive medium for stores like A&S and Bamberger's and dozens of smaller retailers, the *Times* has decided to create a series of regional supplements, folded into the paper right after the hard news Sunday Main section, enabling advertisers to zero in on potential customers and potential customers only. More than a year

ago, a BQLI supplement was added to the Sunday copies sent to readers in Brooklyn, Queens and Long Island. A New Jersey supplement began just about a year ago and perhaps within a year the *Times* plans to introduce a supplement or perhaps two separate supplements for Westchester and Fairfield counties.

Whether this suburban strategy will yield fat profits is far from certain. What is certain, however, is that advertising expediences have placed a great burden on editorial capacities and although the strain might not show up in a lesser paper, it does so glaringly in the *Times*. The journalism in these supplements is generally inferior to that of the rest of the paper. The advertising department has staked out the territories and the news side must cover them, no matter how awkwardly. And the territories that advertising has marked out can be unwieldy. Metropolitan editor Arthur Gelb now regrets that the BQLI was not divided into two supplements. Brooklyn and Queens are part of New York City and require separate coverage from Nassau and Suffolk counties, Gelb argues. By Gelb's editorial logic, Westchester and Fairfield should be covered in separate supplements as well because they don't even share the same state government. But McCabe is inclined to join them in the same supplement, which may complicate political coverage but will simplify matters for Peck & Peck.

If the history of the *Times* New Jersey supplement is any indication, the retailers' interest will prevail. When it was first included in the Sunday paper a year ago, the New Jersey supplement carried no editorial matter at all. It was strictly an experimental advertising section and, at that, it was a bargain—for the advertiser, at least. A high volume customer like Macy's, which gets the most favorable rates, pays \$5,160 for a full page in the total 1.5 million run of the Sunday paper. The *Times* offered a full page in the New Jersey section for one-fifth the price. Advertisers were interested and the *Times* concluded they would be even more interested if editorial content were added to the section as well. "It makes ads more effective to have editorial content mixed in with the advertising," says McCabe. "You increase reader traffic."

So, this past February the New Jersey supplement became an
continued on page 12

Games Timesmen Play?

Sam Antupit, our designer and house eccentric, advised us the other day that he had been doing considerable research into the *Times*' foreign coverage and had spotted, he thought, an astonishing trend. "Bus plunges," he announced confidently, placing before us a manila folder. Inside were no less than 30 filler items clipped from the *Times*, all dealing with bus ac-

cidents in Asia, Latin America and Spain. And over each of these brief wire service dispatches was a one-line headline containing the words "bus plunge." As in "Caracas Bus Plunge Kills 11" or "Chilean Bus Plunge Kills 13." Sam is not quite sure what to make of this trend and, frankly, neither are we. Until now, we had serious reservations about the amount of thought

and imagination that goes into the *Times* foreign coverage. But the comprehensiveness of the paper's bus plunge reportings (examples below) has forced us to rethink some of our preconceptions. And one thing, certainly, is clear. No one on the foreign desk is talking.

Battling Bella

Many *New York Post* staffers are embarrassed and angry about their paper's partisan coverage of the Manhattan race to fill the seat of Congressman William F. Ryan, who died September 17. The principal contenders for that job are Rep. Bella Abzug, who was defeated in the June primary, and Priscilla Ryan, the congressman's widow. On September 30, the day before the Manhattan and Bronx Democratic County committee was to decide on its nominee, the *Post* ran a page-three story headlined, WELFARE CLIENT: BELLA ABZUG'S MOTHER. It gleefully reported that "Rep. Abzug's 84-year-old mother is a welfare client whose West Side nursing home bill of \$1,136 a month is paid through federal and state programs. The Congresswoman's mother, Mrs. Esther Savitsky, has been receiving welfare and health benefits since April 20, 1971, under the Old Age Assistance and Medicaid programs." Not only was the story an obvious plant by pro-Ryan forces, but it also turned out to be untrue, although at first the information was confirmed by the Abzug office. A full week later, a correction by the same reporter—Timothy Lee—was buried at the end of a page-long "weekend magazine" story on welfare. Mrs. Savitsky, it seems, is a Medicaid patient, but she does not receive Old Age Assistance. Lee cited a Social Services Department official, who said that Medicaid patients are generally not considered to be "on welfare." Among the editorial embellishments on Lee's original story was the erroneous statement that the Abzugs own a brownstone.

Whether or not Lee's assignment came from publisher Dorothy Schiff, as reported, it certainly captured her interest. She had the story read to her by phone the day before it was published, and that night she phoned Lee at home to check on a detail. A number of lower echelon editors and reporters wanted to kill the story, but they were overruled. The same day Lee's first piece ran, the *Post* led its magazine with a long and glowing profile of Mrs. Ryan.

Abzug's candidacy—she did get the Democratic nomination—has been opposed in many quarters throughout the city

Brazil Bus Plunge Kills 5

RECIFE, Brazil, Feb. 2 (UPI)—Five persons died and 30 were injured today when a bus bound from Recife to Goiania went over a precipice.

Bus Plunge Kills 30 in Iran

TEHERAN, Iran, Feb. 6 (UPI)—A bus plunged into a deep gorge near Isfahar in western Iran yesterday, killing 30 persons, the police said today. Twenty passengers were injured.

Indian Bus Plunge Kills 19

NEW DELHI, Feb. 6 (UPI)—A bus plunged into a Himalayan mountain gorge near Mahasu last night, killing 19 persons, the Press Trust of India said today. The accident took place 300 miles north of New Delhi.

Bus Plunge Kills 6 in Spain

SEVILLE, Spain, Feb. 6 (UPI)—Six persons were killed and 43 injured when a bus plunged over a bridge near the town of Carmona today, the police reported. The cause of the accident was unknown.

Chilean Bus Plunge Kills 13

OSORNO, Chile, March 20 (UPI)—Thirteen persons were killed and 34 injured when a bus with an inexperienced driver at the wheel plunged off a mountain road at Puyehue, near the Argentine border 625 miles south of Santiago, the police said today.

Colombia Bus Plunge Kills 12

BOGOTA, Colombia, April 11 (Reuters)—Twelve people died and 15 were injured when a bus plunged nearly 500 feet down a ravine outside Linares, near the Ecuadorian frontier, it was reported here today.

35 Injured in Bus Plunge

MARKTHEIDENFELD, West Germany, April 20 (UPI)—At least 35 persons were injured, 10 of them seriously, when a bus filled with 52 members of a pensioners club went down an embankment and overturned, the police said today.

Indian Bus Plunge Kills 25

NEW DELHI, India, May 1 (AP)—Twenty-five policemen were killed and four were seriously injured today when a police bus fell into a ravine at Peda on the Jammu-Srinagar road in Kashmir, according to reports reaching here.

Afghan Bus Plunge Kills 21

KABUL, Afghanistan, May 11 (AP)—Twenty-one persons were killed and six injured when a bus plunged into an irrigation canal in Lashkargah, western Afghanistan, the police reported. They attributed the accident to careless driving.

Brazil Bus Plunge Kills 20

BELO HORIZONTE, Brazil, June 22 (Reuters)—Twenty persons were reported killed and many injured when a bus plunged off a viaduct near here today. Radio reports, quoting a highway patrol spokesman, said the bus fell on to high tension wires over a railway track.

Spanish Bus Plunge Kills 22

CACERES, Spain, June 26 (Reuters)—A bus carrying 56 Spanish football fans home from a game plunged down a ravine, killing 22 passengers and injuring the others, 5 of them seriously, police reported today. The accident occurred late last night when the bus skidded off the road and crashed 40 yards down a cliff.

GIVE A KID A BREAK. THE FRESH AIR FUND.

Cairo Bus Plunge Kills 15

CAIRO, June 27 (Reuters)—Fifteen persons were killed and 17 injured today when a truck plunged into a canal near the Nile River after the driver had swerved to avoid another vehicle.

Bus Plunge in Brazil Kills 30

BELEM, Brazil, July 19 (UPI)—Thirty persons were killed yesterday when a bus fell off a ferry ramp into the Capim River, and an unknown number are missing, the police said today. The accident occurred at São Domingos, 250 miles southeast of this Amazon delta port.

Bus Plunge Kills 14 in India

NEW DELHI, July 27 (UPI)—A bus plunged into a 100-foot gorge near a Himalayan hill station at Simla, 250 miles north of here, yesterday killing 14 persons and injuring 45 others, the Press Trust of India reported today.

Ecuador Bus Plunge Kills 19

QUITO, Ecuador, Aug. 28 (Reuters)—Nineteen people were killed and five seriously injured when a crowded bus plunged down a 150-foot ravine in northern Ecuador last night, the police said today. The dead, they said, included an American couple, identified as Thomas and Elsy O'Kelly.

12 Die in Ceylon Bus Plunge

COLOMBO, Ceylon, Sept. 12 (AP)—A bus plunged down a 100-foot precipice today at Agrapattana, killing 12 persons and injuring 50.

Brazil Bus Plunge Kills 14

RIO DE JANEIRO, Sept. 22 (Reuters)—Fourteen persons were killed and 17 were seriously injured when a bus plunged off a bridge and into the Carandai River north of here today.

Bus Plunge Kills 4 in India

NEW DELHI, Oct. 14 (UPI)—A bus collided with a jeep, then plunged off a mountain road in India's Himachel Pradesh territory, killing four persons and injuring 13, the Press Trust of India reported today.

Mexican Bus Plunge Kills 8

PALMAR CHICO, Mexico, Oct. 27 (UPI)—Eight persons died of injuries suffered when a bus plunged off a wet road into a 400-foot-deep gully, the police reported. The police said the bus had been overloaded, carrying more than 50 passengers.

Six Killed in Bus Plunge

SARAGOSSA, Spain, Dec. 19 (Reuters)—A bus carrying about 50 Spanish workers and their families home for Christmas from West Germany and Switzerland plunged off a bridge into the Ebro River here early today. At least six persons were killed and about 40 were injured. Most of the passengers escaped through a rear exit.

Bus Plunge in India Kills 7

NEW DELHI, Dec. 27 (UPI)—Seven policemen were killed and 24 others were injured when a police truck carrying them plunged into a canal near Arrah in the northeastern state of Bihar, the Press Trust of India reported today. The agency said the policemen were on their way to target practice.

by those who dislike her brashness, her campaign tactics and the fact that she challenged a much-beloved congressman when redistricted out of her own seat. But at the *Post*, the antagonism reaches back much further—to the 1940's and the formation of the Liberal Party, whose chief drumbeater is James Wechsler, columnist and editorial page editor. That party endorsed Abzug's opponent, Republican radio talkshow host Barry Farber, during her first race two years ago. This year it is supporting Mrs. Ryan.

That endorsement sparked an intramural battle between columnist Pete Hamill, recently returned from a tour of duty at *New York* magazine, and Wechsler. Abzug-supporter Hamill attacked first. "My colleague Jimmy Wechsler writes a lot about bad old Meade Esposito [Brooklyn Democratic leader]; I don't remember any of his columns in which he examines the Liberal Party's 'no-show' jobs or explains just what the Liberal Party does, or what mysterious reasons Liberal leader Alex Rose has for continuing the politics of revenge." Wechsler's defense of the Liberal Party and of Mrs. Ryan for seeking and accepting its nomination referred to Hamill's "mild hysteria" and wound up with a gibe at his "recent literary rehabilitation of good old Esposito's man [Brooklyn Democratic Congressman John] Rooney," who recently defeated reformer Allard Lowenstein in a special election. This "literary rehabilitation"—in the form of two Hamill columns entitled, "The Last Regular" and "The Last Hurrah"—had already provoked a long and heated response from another columnist, Nat Hentoff, who described them (*The Village Voice*—September 28) as putting "a soft, autumnal glow on one of the most ruinous men in Congress..." Hamill says he wonders about the "totalitarian implications" of saying that you cannot "represent the ideological ogre as a human being." He asks, "What does Hentoff think I can gain? Two judgeships?" Hamill may have a point, but his timing (on the eve of the election) certainly suggested he was doing more than simply providing balance.

Hamill is also participating in another kind of "literary rehabilitation." He's helping Esposito put together his autobiography. Not long ago, in another column sympathetic to his friend Meade, he railed against the "Wechsler-Mary Perot Nichols-Good Government cliché trap." *Village Voice* city editor Nichols' reply: "Well, I guess I prefer that to a

Wechsler-Nichols Bad Government cliché trap."

Despite Hamill's own occasional propensity for cliché traps, his absence from the *Post* deprived the city of its most important newspaper commentator on local matters. The precipitating factor in his departure last May was publisher Schiff's decision to put Jack Anderson's column in Hamill's slot opposite the editorial page. Schiff had reportedly felt that his voice was too strong for that position in the paper. For a long time, a principal matter of contention with Schiff's parsimonious attitude about traveling expenses and her distaste for his wanderlust. One story, perhaps apocryphal, has Schiff cabling Hamill in England during the Attica prison rebellion last year: "Everybody went to Attica but you and Rockefeller." Hamill is said to have cabled back: "At least Rockefeller gets his expenses paid." Hamill declined comment.

Eager to resume his newspaper column, Hamill reached an agreement with Schiff in September. He is now producing three times a week instead of four, and after the elections he will switch slots with William Buckley, thereby gaining more space. In settling their dispute last spring over his efforts in behalf of Senator McGovern, they agreed that he would not write about candidates for whom he is actively campaigning.

A Gran Voce

The public in-house sparring taking place at the *Post* is more characteristic of *The Village Voice*, although for a while the weekly seemed to have grown more quiescent, with the main vituperation being supplied by the supporters and detractors of lesbian columnist Jill Johnston. But those of us who looked back nostalgically on last year's published collisions between editors Jack Newfield and Mary Perot Nichols, had reason to cheer the appearance of the September 28 edition of the weekly.

Despite the warning in the overline, "Don't Let it ALL Hang Out," which referred the reader to a non-political story on page 33, the issue contained, in addition to Hentoff's indictment of former *Voice* contributor Hamill's romanticism of the Brooklyn machine (see above), an anti-Abzug column by Nichols, in which she chided Hentoff for supporting her. "Much as I respect Nat Hentoff," wrote

Nichols, "I am sorry to see him tripping along with the radical chics behind Bella." (Nichols and Hentoff are disputing in a gallant manner; he began a later rejoinder with, "I am often struck by the mordantly penetrating skepticism of Mary Perot Nichols; but...")

Far more remarkable was a box by Newfield entitled, "WHY I'M NOT FOR BELLA." Newfield, who has been breaking new ground with his exposes of local judges (especially a piece on the "10 worst judges in New York" for the October 16 *New York*), scored a different type of journalistic first in that box with his candid admission that, "I was there when Bella said at the VID [Village Independent Democrats] in 1970 she was against the jets for Israel. And then I watched her deny she ever said it. And finally I lied, and denied she ever said it, so that she might defeat Barry Farber. I am now ashamed of all that." Having listed Abzug's character defects, he concludes, "The issue is neither ideology nor sentiment. The issue is character, and the diminution of the politics of insult and ego." As some readers subsequently pointed out in the letters column, the piece seemed more revealing of the ethics of "participatory" journalism than of the character of Bella Abzug. (Although it was not apparent from this piece, Newfield's distortion of the jets issue took place in private conversations, not in print.)

Perhaps out of recognition that the letters column is one of the most popular features of the paper, *Voice* editors occasionally depart from traditional journalistic practice by publishing their own missives. In that same September 28 issue, city editor Nichols came clean with her feelings about some of the personal *cris du coeur* which emanate from much of the paper. "So that no one should get the idea that *The Village Voice* is a monolithic institution," she wrote, "I want to go on record as saying that I think Stuart Byron's front page article on his personal sex hang-ups (*Voice*, September 21) was one of the most disgusting pieces ever published in this newspaper." Byron's piece, for those of you who missed it, had described how gays are hustled during one-night stands. "A close second to it, in my opinion," she continued, "was Mike Zwerin's confessions of how he couldn't get it up in London a few years back."

"I think it's about time for a new movement to start with its rallying cry, 'Back to the closet!' Let the limp and the lonely make their confessions to their best friends, their psychiatrists or their priests!"

New York Post

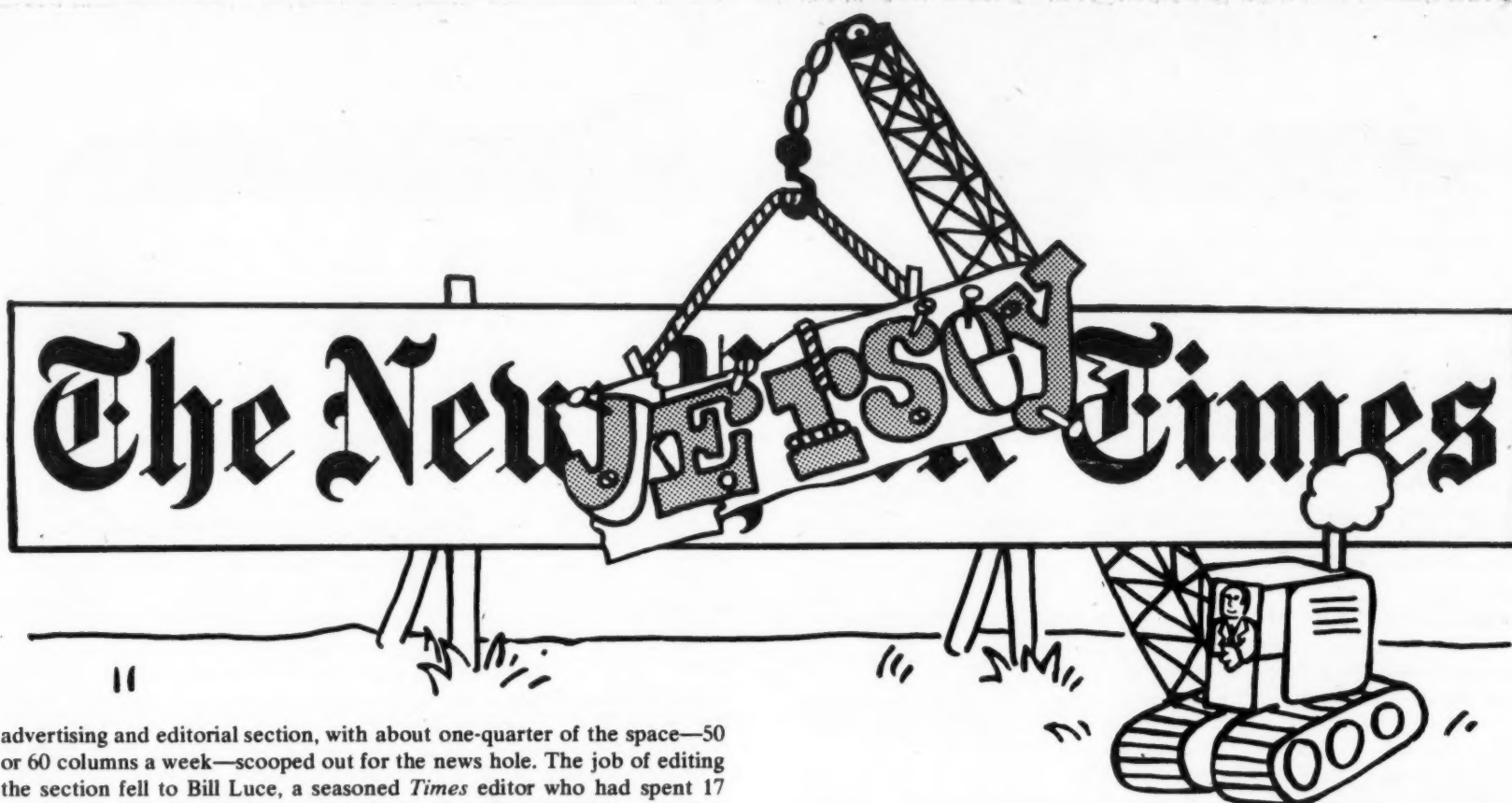
Amsterdam News

VARIETY

VOICE

THE NEW YORKER

1010 WINS



advertising and editorial section, with about one-quarter of the space—50 or 60 columns a week—scooped out for the news hole. The job of editing the section fell to Bill Luce, a seasoned *Times* editor who had spent 17 years on several desks and knew New Jersey as well as any *Times*man. For the past 22 years he had lived in Teaneck, at the center of northern Jersey's flourishing suburbia. In the field, Luce had three fulltime correspondents: Ronald Sullivan, the Trenton bureau chief; Richard J.H. Johnston, an experienced general assignment reporter who worked out of the center of the state; and Fred Ferretti, transferred from the radio-television beat to become a roving correspondent in New Jersey free to develop his own assignments. Ferretti, who had moved to Montclair from New York City only four months before, plunged into his new job eagerly. "In the past so much of the Jersey coverage was crisis coverage," Ferretti observes. "The *Times* would send someone to Newark to do a piece on the riots or to Hudson County for a piece on corruption. I go out and do stories about how people live, about kids surfing in the winter in Ocean City, about cable television in Cape May, about the development of the Meadowlands. This is the nicest job I've ever had in the news business."

Despite Ferretti's enthusiasm and Sullivan's and Johnston's familiarity with the state, it was obvious from the start that the New Jersey coverage was going to be thin. Luce had one minor handicap. He is, by his own description, a hard news man, and the section was plainly ill-suited for breaking news. Because of the demands of the complicated Sunday production and distribution schedule, the New Jersey supplement had to close on Thursday so that it could be printed on Friday night.

But that was only an inconvenience compared to the section's real deficiency: money. The same economic forces that have compelled the *Times* to look for new markets have also forced the paper to hold down expenses and to limit hiring to an absolute minimum. The *Times* wanted to cover New Jersey, but on the cheap. Luce had 50 or 60 columns a week to fill and only three regular staffers to call upon. By comparison the news hole of the Sunday Main generally runs about twice that much, 120 columns, but the *Times* can call on all of its 255 reporters and correspondents to supply copy for it.

To make up the difference Luce had to establish a network of stringers throughout the state and, as a result, the supplement quickly became a paper dominated by the reporting and writing of correspondents who weren't properly *New York Times* correspondents at all. Week after week, the section started off strongly enough with such lead pieces as an analysis by Ferretti of a conservation issue or a forecast by Sullivan on upcoming battles in the state legislature, but on the inside the significance and the professionalism of the stories declined rapidly.

The *New York Times* was puffing away like some rube weekly. Two kinds of soft features became particularly prominent. One was the inspirational biography, the short history of a local citizen who triumphs over a physical handicap or old age or some other adversity. Typical of the genre was a story that appeared in the October 1 supplement. It began:

ASBURY PARK—This city observed "Captain Johnny Richardson Day" Friday, honoring a 52-year-old "newsboy" who has been a popular figure here for decades; he started selling papers at the age of 5.

The piece—"Special to *The New York Times*"—was written by one George Zuckerman who went on to briefly outline the life of the black newsdealer, crippled by polio at the age of five. There was no indication that Zuckerman had bothered to interview Richardson for the occasion,

but that didn't inhibit the writer from interpreting his thoughts. Zuckerman commented that even though Richardson was presented with a specially-equipped automobile and greetings from President Nixon and Governor Cahill, he "seemed to be especially moved with the presentation of a copy of the old-time favorite song 'Oh Johnny Oh' inscribed to him." Zuckerman didn't bother to mention, although a local newspaper pointed it out, that it was Zuckerman himself who had made the presentation.

Then there is the happy shopper story: column after column devoted to the joys, never the disappointments, of nibbling pastries here or buying antique wagon wheels there. A September 24 roundup on flea markets rambled on with never a discouraging word and concluded with the insouciant advice, "Look in every corner and at the bottom of every basket. There are still treasures to be found."

Criticism of anything, implicit or explicit, is rare in the Sunday New Jersey section. What is even rarer is useful information about New Jersey's serious concerns, particularly its growth problems. With a population of 7.3 million, New Jersey is the most densely populated state in the nation. And there is little question but that New Jersey needs a forum in which those urgent matters can be talked about. New Jersey is the only state other than Delaware without its own commercial VHF television station and with the death of the *Newark Evening News* in September, New Jersey has no newspaper of important statewide influence. "This is a state with a lot of potential and yet the *Times* treats it as though it were an adolescent stepchild that can't appreciate high standards of journalism," complains Gordon A. MacInnes Jr., executive director of the Wallace Eljabar Fund of East Orange, a private foundation which has been agitating on behalf of New Jersey's informational interests.

MacInnes's argument that the *Times* doesn't care whether New Jersey gets any news or not is unfair. And another critic's observation that the *Times* deliberately set out to create a fluffy editorial environment to provide cozy, upbeat surroundings for advertisers is probably too cynical. There is a simpler, less sinister, explanation. The *Times* pays an average of \$75 an article and there are few full-time professionals who can spend much time on a story for that amount of money. The Sunday supplement has attracted an occasional professional, such as Phillip Wechsler, a former AP man in Newark. But it has also attracted journalistic hangers-on like George Zuckerman, a semi-retired public relations consultant. Many of the correspondents are women who worked for a few years on a New Jersey paper and are now raising families. Few seem to have the time to spend reporting and researching a difficult story that might not even work out. Under the circumstances, the soft feature based on the one stop interview becomes inevitable. A reporter can spend the morning interviewing the grandmother in Summit who was recently ordained a minister in the United Church of Christ and write the story in the afternoon. Moreover, the New Jersey supplement lacks the one form of pressure that might have made it at least a little better: the approbation of scores of peers. Because it is distributed only in New Jersey, few other *Times*men are even conscious of the New Jersey section as anything more than a cluster of half a dozen desks in a glassed-in cubicle off the news room.

*Times*men who commute from New Jersey do read the supplement, and some see it as, in the words of one staffer, "nothing but a lot of fluff and gee whiz stories." Others, apparently, see it in the same way the

advertising department does, as an economic opportunity. "We've had a lot of wives and aunts and cousins suggested as correspondents," says one editor. Most have been turned down, but Jane Blum, the wife of Dan Blum, a staffer on the metropolitan desk, was signed on to write the "shop talk" column. Each week she briefly profiles a New Jersey community and then lists what several of the shops are selling. "I don't know that she had done any writing before but she's been around journalism for a long time," the same editor comments. "She's got seven kids and she shops a lot. She's better than a lot of the people we've got."

In the past few months, the New Jersey staff has been expanded by half a dozen reporters. Joseph Sullivan, a survivor of the *Newark Evening News* and a respected political reporters in the state, was hired for the Trenton bureau and Juan Vasquez was transferred from Washington to increase the size of the Trenton bureau to three. Richard Phalon has been assigned to cover economics, labor and regulatory agencies, Joan Cook to report on health care and lifestyles and Wolfgang Saxon to write on education. And on September 14, the *Times* ran off the first daily New Jersey edition. The *Times* is proud of the daily Jersey edition and justifiably so. Basically, the Jersey edition is the same paper as the late city edition, except that it always carries at least one Jersey story on page one and the Jersey story jumps to an entire page of Jersey news inside, plus some extra sports news. What the New Jersey resident does not get is some metropolitan New York news of marginal interest to him. What he gains, finally, is some solid reporting on what is going on in his own state. In its first weeks the Jersey edition offered a series of attractive and tightly edited pages that included basic reporting on such bread-and-butter issues as gas rate hearings.

Still, the Sunday supplement remains a shopper. Nor has it

proved a great financial success. Although Luce continues to supervise the section, he spends most of his time on the daily and has turned over the Sunday responsibilities to Hal Gal, a *Times* desk and rewrite man with twenty years of experience. Theoretically, the additions to the reporting staff should have improved the Sunday paper, too, but in fact the Sunday gets left with the same features that it had before. A BOOKKEEPER FINDS HE'S TOO BUSY FOR RETIREMENT, ran the headline over one story in the October 8 issue. EATONTOWN ORGANIST PLAYS MUSIC TO REPAIR BIKES BY, read another.

Journalists may be tempted to blame such editorial embarrassments on the avarice of "the business side." But in this case it's not a question of cupidity. The *New York Times* has not moved to the suburbs out of greed but simply in order to survive. Recent years have not been kind to the newspaper, caught between rising labor costs on one side and recession on the other. Advertising revenues dropped from \$173 million in 1969 to \$158 million in 1971. Revenues have improved this year, \$7.5 million higher for the first six months. But the future is far from bright. The *Times* is an urban newspaper in a society that is becoming increasingly suburban. And the feathery stuffings of the New Jersey supplement and other suburban sections to come may well enable the paper to go on doing the loftier work of publishing the Pentagon Papers and investigating police corruption. (Not yet, however. McCabe estimates that the New Jersey supplement will gross about \$1.5 million this year, but that the cost of serving the state will run to about \$1.6 million.)

Hal Gal does better than most with the resources at hand. He is a good and loyal *Times* soldier leading a band of New Jersey Irregulars in an economic war not of his making. "You know," he says philosophically, "sometimes journalistic judgments differ from reader tastes. An editor may look at a story and say, 'This is not *New York Times* calibre,' but the lady in Montclair, well, she really wants to know about that 200-year-old Oak tree."

Picture. . . .

continued from page 1

recall are often false. A stop watch and a tape recorder are useful correctives: I discovered that, after a week of watching network news, I did not fully understand what had been said until I had transcribed it and read the words in print. The week here examined was the last one in September. Politics, presumably, should be predominant.*

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 25

Just before NBC's "Nightly News" goes on, we get a plug for a film called "See No Evil," which is all right with me. There is a coffee commercial, too, which suggests we may get "all uptight" from coffee nerves and, thus prepared, we get the news.

A jet plane has crashed—this is the top story—it was 20 years old and it ran into an ice-cream parlor, killing 22 kids. The pilot is shown saying he is sorry, he is sorry. NBC runs some home-movie film showing what happened; CBS, lacking this, shows films of the runway and some interviews; ABC skips the story today. NBC's presentation works toward a deliberate, but permissible tugging at the heart-strings. Disaster is the best, the oldest news. Four hundred years ago broadside ballads were sold in London announcing the birth of a two-headed baby in Sussex. Maybe true, maybe not, but undeniably interesting. Reporting disasters is a dicey business: we really have to trust the reporter to provide no more, no less emphasis than the occasion requires. We must remember that television is uniquely able to show us some surviving relative's face crumpling in grief—whether it should zoom in on that face is another question, rarely asked. Grief-in-motion, grief that you can hear as well as see: well, that's something the newspapers can't do; they can only describe it. It is difficult not to be affected by this, and that is why disasters get high billing on television.

Before the show is over, we will see fuel tanks burning in Chattanooga. The camera shows a column of black smoke rising. Very pretty it is, too; we're not supposed to think so, but it is. Like watching waves breaking, or the light on mountains. How does one make sense of disaster? Except for major assassinations, little attempt is made on network news to tell us what a disaster means, never mind the religious or

metaphysical sense of it, but the journalistic sense of it. This plane crash, this small tragedy, why does it take precedence over the campaign, which will affect us all, and is now in high gear? The picture value, that's why. NBC has scooped its rivals by acquiring the amateur film—ABC will show it Wednesday and say it has been "Just released"—and the film is what gives the story its billing, its significance. NBC tells us it has not had time to discover why the plane crashed, and it probably hasn't. Perhaps it will tell us tomorrow. Or perhaps it will find a new disaster.

CBS leads off with a straightforward report on the release of three prisoners of war. So does ABC, saying that Nixon may have agreed to North Vietnam's terms for release of the men. Apparently, there is nothing political about any of this. After ABC has finished with the POWs, a life insurance company has some suggestions for us.

Then, politics—at least of a sort. The President, this year, has played the statesman. He won't debate McGovern, won't answer McGovern's charges, rarely mentions him. He doesn't jump up on cars this year, to taunt kids by flashing the victory sign at them. Instead, in a gray suit, white shirt, conservative tie, he addresses a combined meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. He does not grin or wave his hands. "These are the principles that I profoundly believe," he tells us. "We shall press for a more equitable and more open world of trade... We shall not turn inward and isolationist... I want to see new jobs created all over the world, but I cannot condone the export of jobs out of the United States caused by any unfairness built into the world's trading system." Well, it is a pretty good political speech. Nixon, says NBC's Irving R. Levine, "obviously had an eye on the domestic political campaign, on organized labor in particular." And what a forum to announce that jobs will not be taken from this country! The camera shows us black men, presumably foreign, with headphones and no expression: perhaps, as Nixon campaigns before them, they have switched to a recording of Vivaldi, or a reading from *Fanny Hill*.

All three networks give a lot of time to this and then show us the Secretary of State addressing the UN's General Assembly. Mr. Rogers, it seems, is against criminal violence applied to innocent persons. Just now, Henry Kissinger is in Paris, negotiating with the Vietnamese, and the Secretary of State is left at the UN, mouthing platitudes—but the networks don't notice. In his spaced-out voice, Rogers tells us about terrorism. "The

*I watched the three 7 P.M. network news broadcasts in rotation. Each evening, the editors of (MORE) recorded and took notes on what the other two networks reported.

issue (pause) is not an issue of war (pause) not war between the states (pause) not civil war" and so on, and we are left wondering why television bothered. Like the President, he has nothing at all to say, but he appears to be for the Right Thing, whatever that may be. Network news does not help us find out.

On NBC, this is followed by my favorite Geritol commercial. Unlike the Secretary of State, Geritol has a point that can be conveyed in the 30 seconds allowed it on our screen. A woman squats on the ground. We don't know her, but she offers unasked-for confidences. With throaty intimacy, she tells us: "I've never been happier...Charlie and I spend more time together than ever." God, what are we to make of that? As we wonder, Charlie sneaks up behind her with an armload of wood. I watch every evening: someday he will knock her over the head with a log.

As for news of McGovern, CBS shows him throwing a snowball in Billings, Montana, where three inches of the stuff, useful only for pictures, fell the night before. CBS says that McGovern will take a Montana snowstorm anytime over a Nixon snow job. Well. ABC shows us Frank Reynolds in the snowstorm, reporting that McGovern thinks abortion a matter for the states and not a Presidential campaign. NBC doesn't show McGovern at all, but reports the polls—Yankelovich and Harris—which indicate that McGovern is disastrously far behind the President. The polls disagree widely, but tonight no one on television is inclined to explain why, or why the polls and their disagreements matter. Still, it is clear that figures make us feel safe, somehow. Like commercials ("contains up to 20 synthetic supplements for balance"), news stories are big on figures, even random, unanalyzed figures. Numbers sharpen the blur of visual impressions that flicker past us on the elusive screen; we associate them with reality. As long as we can count, chaos has not yet come. The figures commentators use may lack a Pythagorean significance, but they lend support to the fixes these commentators like to take on absolutes. Today's plane crash, for instance, was "the worst of its kind," which is nice to hear because now we know which end of the shelf to put the information on. Besides, statistics are marvelously bendable. McGovern's own pollster, Patrick Caddell, has come up with a completely different set to placate his master, and for a minute-and-a-half he talks for CBS, a scruffy, long-haired fellow obviously uncomfortable in his tie and coat and not very adroit with his explanations, either.

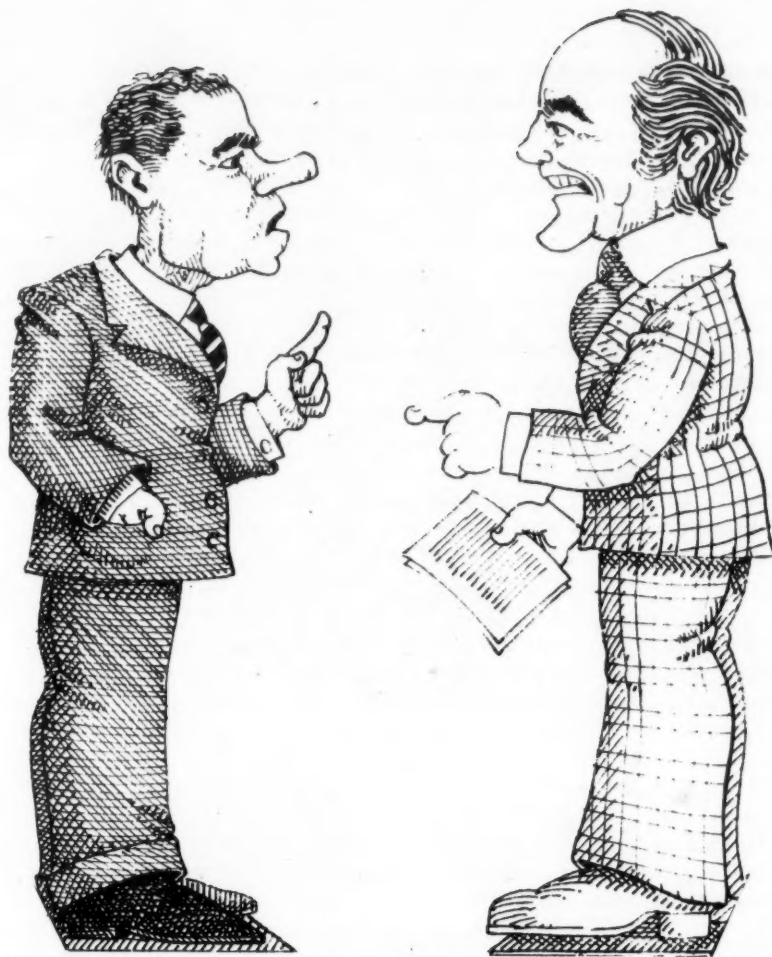
Meanwhile, at ABC, Ron Miller reports that McGovern's forces in Illinois are confident that they are closing the gap between them and Mayor Daley. A minute later, however, ABC shows a film in which one of Chicago's ward bosses says of McGovern: "He's gonna lose. Because we're gonna make sure he's gonna lose. The people don't want him. I don't like 'em. The way he treated us and the way he treats everyone else. And the way he treated my mayor, my leader. He [Daley] may forgive. I won't forget or forgive." Having let a Democrat use up so much time, ABC

Like commercials ("contains up to 20 synthetic supplements for balance"), news stories are big on figures. . . Numbers sharpen the blur of visual impressions that flicker past us. . .

switches to a Republican leader who seems happy about McGovern's mistakes. Ron Miller then asks whether—although Daley wants a Democrat in the White House (and Daley can get out the vote)—"the big push" won't "be held in reserve for a candidate of the future." As Miller speaks, the camera pans to a podium and to: Teddy. Television loves stars. Even stars who, for a single film, are willing to support dreary older actors. Nothing on television news this week so blatantly suggests that McGovern is no more than a stalking horse for the Democrats' big gun.

NBC is equally optimistic, equally ready with a report that looks, until you think about it, like a news story on McGovern's campaign. For two and a half minutes, Tom Brokaw strolls before one-story houses with chain and picket fences. A Los Angeles suburb, he tells us, a working-class neighborhood. In three days, Brokaw has talked to 60 voters, "most of them Democrats, and only 15 said they would vote for McGovern." The ratio may be one in four, but of the voters we see on camera it becomes one to four: the dissenters call the candidate "too liberal," he changes his mind too much. The impression this story conveys is that NBC has a message (Democrats defecting) and has found a town to prove it.

ABC's Howard K. Smith winds up his evening by suggesting that a landslide is in the making. "Unhealthy," is his opinion, but he has a punch for the loser as he goes under. McGovern, he says, has clutched to his own bosom a booby-trap offered to Nixon by Hanoi. McGovern "sponsored Hanoi's terms" for the release of three POWs, "thereby offending a first tactical principle of campaigns: never support an alien force



in a flagrant move to influence an American election." No doubt a commentator who can invent a principle (has *anyone*, let alone McGovern, ever heard of it?) can also invent a way to "offend" it; still, if you wonder why so many people think McGovern loves Commie aggression, now you know: on television, a commentator will say that he "supports an alien force."

NBC concludes with a story about Mark Spitz converting his seven Olympic gold medals into a "career worth millions." This kind of story is irresistible to Americans: do a good job in one area and you will reap a fortune doing something else, probably something you aren't qualified to do. The essential element of this myth is that there must be no logical connection between the skill and the shower of gold: *it could still happen to me!* Spitz wants to be an actor. "Kind of a lot of fun," he says. "Pretty good life," says the commentator, though it is not clear whether he is kidding the story at all. He mentions five million dollars. The figures count here, too. It doesn't matter if the dude can act; what matters is the bread that people throw in his way. Spitz's dark eyes glow. The girls wilt. The cash register jingles.

**TUESDAY
SEPTEMBER 26**

I leave a dinner party given by a rich Republican lady to watch the news. The lady has never forgiven Nixon for his Checkers speech, has not bought a television set since. The faces on her rounded screen are fuzzy but familiar. Certain patterns are becoming familiar, too.

The commercials. On news shows, commercials try to induce anxiety. The happy shows, sports telecasts and sitcoms; for news it's Geritol, Listerine, Bufferin, Anacin, Dristan and Polident. "Nothing is more embarrassing than having your dentures slip," unless, perhaps, it's being commander-in-chief of the second most powerful nation in the world. There is a synergistic effect between anxiety commercials and news reports: one sets us up to worry about the other. Conversely, it's no accident that Chet Huntley shills for American Airlines just before NBC "Nightly News" goes on: it's seven o'clock, team, and here's Chet, telling you the news, just like always. As if in imitation of the commercials, the candidates set up a problem (Ladies and Gentlemen, we have an international-monetary-type problem here) but, thank goodness, we Americans are technologically inventive and we have a *solution*, too (more jobs, de-caffinated coffee, but not that Brand X isolationism that the competition offers.) The current Listerine commercial can be read as a political metaphor. "What do you think of the taste of Listerine (Nixon)?" "Terrible! Oh, I've tried others (Muskie, McGovern), but they don't taste as bad, so I stick to Listerine."

It is also becoming clear that, according to network television, the only news about McGovern is how far he is behind. If McGovern has any ideas, any proposals, I am not hearing them. I had thought there was a difference between the candidates, but the difference seems to be only that McGovern is behind. The other news about McGovern, the kind that's worth a film clip of him, is the way he explains his behavior. Today the Senate killed an anti-war amendment. CBS shows us Senator Edward Brooke (R-Mass.) bitterly denouncing McGovern and Humphrey for failing to appear, though their votes would not have reversed the result. Agnew, however, appeared for a tie-breaker if needed, so we know who the statesman is. According to Walter Cronkite, McGovern and Humphrey "missed the anti-war vote while trying to patch up a party split in California." More problems for McGovern. The camera shows him a little harassed by the suggestion that he has failed in his duty: "The only way to end this war is to change the President," he says, but Humphrey comes on stronger: "Nixon has deceived the American people on this war." *There's* an issue; it slides away. McGovern is left to say that he can't take time out from campaigning, which is absolutely true but doesn't sound good. Worse still, he repeats his claim that he will bring "all the American prisoners and troops home within 90 days."

NBC and ABC show McGovern campaigning with the wife of a POW and David Brinkley, in his best pox-on-both-your-houses style, says the POWs have become "political pawns. They're used by Hanoi, by some of the peace groups and their cheering sections"—whatever *those* are. He delivers his trite disapproval from the book-lined study he has recently affected to suggest thought, contemplation, possibly even research. Howard K. Smith, meanwhile, takes two minutes on ABC to explain that when he said, Monday night, that he opposed a landslide in the forthcoming election, he did not mean to oppose anybody. "I hope it's clear," Smith says, "that this comment is not anti-anybody, just anti-landslide." Very edifying: it sounds as if someone had telephoned Smith.

The President today is in New York to open the American Museum of Immigration at the Statue of Liberty. "No one doubts that the President's main purpose here was politics," CBS's Dan Rather says. "An ideal platform and time for his appeal to ethnic votes. Americans of Polish, Irish, Italian, German, Ukrainian and Jewish heritage were arranged as part of the cast." Catherine Mackin, for NBC, has already given the ethnic vote to Nixon. It seems that Nixon, as he has chosen to conduct his campaign, need do no more than play his Presidential role of Public Relations man for McGovern to slide a little further in the polls. "We come from all over the world," the President says, and so on like that for a little while. Of the immigrants: "they believed in hard work. They didn't come

Television pulls us through the day's news at a pace we cannot control. . . we cannot reflect on anything.

here for a hand-out." Well. One thinks of the Anglo-Saxons and the blacks, not generally included in the ethnic groups; it must have been *they* who came to this country for the well-known American hand-out. In a few minutes, NBC will show a plug for Dristan: a hard-hat recovers from his fever and (not being one of those who came here for a hand-out) returns to his job. Thanks to Dristan. Now Nixon thanks him. This is what computer specialists call "infinite looping." "They came here for an opportunity," Nixon continues. "They built America."

For some reason, all three networks think this is worth a good deal of television camera time. "I have found that when it comes to love of country, when it comes to patriotism, those who came to America from other lands are very first in their hearts as far as love of America is concerned." It may be ungrammatical, but the crowd cheers. Some anti-war activists protest. We will see them again, later in the week: the people who are determined to transform the most banal occasion into a legitimate news event, thus making whomever it is they hate at the moment look very good indeed. The protesters clash with the well-screened ethnics. The police arrest "mostly the anti-war people," as Dan Rather observes. "Ladies and gentlemen," the President says, "I will only suggest that on your television screens tonight in addition to showing the six there, let's show the thousands that are over here!" Nixon the television director: everyone knows about *him* now, so right on cue the cameras of all three networks dutifully pan from "the six there" to "the thousands here." Patrick Buchanan, a Nixon aide, has been reported as saying "You're going to find something done in the area of anti-trust action" if network news doesn't make a better effort to please the President. We hear, therefore, shouts of "Four More Years!" and see shots of signs proclaiming "Jews for Nixon."

According to today's *New York Times*, McGovern is unhappy about the treatment he is getting on television.

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 27

Some news stories percolate all week. Kissinger is in Paris talking to the North Vietnamese. The war may end shortly. Perhaps. Ron Ziegler denies rumors and ABC shows us a picture of a dove, the sign ABC feels is appropriate to Kissinger. This is non-news, of course, but it is good for nightly speculation. Each evening, too, we see Japan's Kanaka and China's Chou En Lai bowing gravely and raising glasses as tunes that are probably not from "The Mikado" swell around them. These are expensive pictures (satellite pictures cost a great deal) of an important event that does not lend itself to pictures. They are boring, but television feels obliged to show them, dropping into our laps each day the inevitable, predictable communiques. The week's third serial concerns the three POWs, who are taking a circuitous route home, snubbing our man in Moscow, holding a press conference in Copenhagen. The Pentagon is nervous, wonders whether these men will embarrass their country on their return. The newsmen wonder whether the Pentagon will do something outrageous, perhaps even arrest the POWs. So there is a modicum of suspense here, which lasts all week.

This kind of continuity is useful, reminding us that events develop through space and time. The format of network news tends to emphasize the discreteness of events: nothing seems connected to anything else that happened that day or any other day. (ABC emphasizes the fragmentation of news into isolated episodes by hanging up in vertical order what appear to be boards, each with a topic written on it. Important stories read in studio are also awarded individual emblems—a picture of a cannon firing for an attack in Vietnam—which must delight the former Elizabethan scholar, Marshall McLuhan.) We can, of course, make connections ourselves, but to do so requires precisely the time that television denies us. Television pulls us through the day's news at a pace we cannot control. For the most part, we cannot reflect on anything, or comment on anything to someone else, without losing the gist of the next particle of events. It is difficult to remember something, let alone put it in perspective, without the ability to pause. We are further confused by the lack of correspondence between the significance of an event and the time it is awarded on television. Important items—a bill that is buried in a Congressional committee, for instance—may slide past us in 15 seconds; before we can recall what we knew about the bill we are into something else: perhaps a three-minute report on a ten-year-old preacher who interests CBS this evening. In fact, the buried bill has no pictorial value, the preacher does.

Does the presentation of news as discrete fragments contribute to an increasing fragmentation of society? An argument can be made that there is a ratio affecting objectivity, or fairness, and fragmentation. The more you bring items together in some kind of pattern, the more you shape the way they shall be seen; total objectivity is approached as you feed unrelated, unorganized data to the consumer and say, "Here it is; you make sense of it." Perhaps it is the patterns that we do not intend that are the most disturbing. The appalling irony of juxtaposing a picture of starving Biafrans with a picture of a low-calorie soft drink has been often remarked, but a subtler irony derives from the juxtaposition of this approach-by-fragmentation to the lesson revealed throughout time by theologians and poets and now advanced with cataclysmic urgency by ecologists: nothing occurs in man's society or environment that does not affect something else.

As for the campaign, ABC's "Evening News" figures that its direct report on McGovern is worth 15 seconds of its viewers' time. Howard K. Smith reports that McGovern has returned to Washington for a rest after hard campaigning; his aides are preparing television programs. And that's the end of that, folks. Why the man who dumped Eagleton for fear the latter couldn't stand the pressure wants, can afford, a rest now is anybody's guess. Still, for all of network news' reluctance to give McGovern any time this week, McGovern himself has not produced particularly interesting fodder.

The focus on the campaign shifts to Nixon. For two minutes and 40 seconds ABC tells us of the President's fund-raising appearances, his endorsement by nine building trades unions, his meeting with labor leaders. We see Rockefeller predicting big gains for his former rival, and Nixon looking pleased. Then the various labor leaders in various ethnic accents—"registered Democrats all our life," one says—pledge their support to Nixon. As always, the news of McGovern is his continuing loss of support. If this is true, as television insists (*The New York Times* today has a major article—"The McGovern Gap is Closing"), then it would be interesting to know *why* he's losing support. What does the man stand for, what are his arguments, that make men flee as from a leper's bell? Television doesn't say.

There is, however, more Republican news. Clark MacGregor, the Republican campaign director, charges that Democrats in California

are fomenting disorderly demonstrations against the President's visit. MacGregor, who was involved with the Committee to Re-Elect the President at the time when that committee appeared to have a hand in the Watergate bugging affair, calls on McGovern "to exercise moral leadership over those of his supporters who may be responsible." If Democrats dispute this charge, we get no report from ABC of the denial. This is part of a pattern that we have seen all week: we are shown Republicans making charges, but rarely Democrats defending them; we see Republicans refuting charges, but not the Democrats who made them. The Republicans are getting the pictures on television this week.

This is followed, on ABC, by two minutes on Governor George Wallace, his determination, his recovery. He looks, in fact, like hell, and he isn't running, but he gets lots of time anyway, and airs his views—"Government costs too much money"—and we can see his headquarters humming away, though there is some doubt now that McGovern has a headquarters at all. Right after this, we are shown John Sparkman running against former Postmaster Winton Blount for the Senate. This is legitimate news; the Republicans can get control of the Senate if enough Democrats like Sparkman lose this year, but the only issue is McGovern, or so this newscast implies, and both men agree on him. "If you're against McGovern," Sparkman tells a voter, "you've got to be for me." Blount tells his audience: "Their nominee says 'We'll go beg the Communists for peace.'" ABC's total for the day: 15 seconds on McGovern, 8 minutes on those who have no use for him. Harry Reasoner, however, concludes with a good slap at the President, quoting an article he wrote in 1964 urging Johnson to debate with Goldwater.

NBC, by contrast, gives quite a bit of time to Shriver and Agnew campaigning. Shriver is shown guaranteeing defense workers new peacetime jobs, guaranteeing "job insurance, so to speak," which smacks of an issue at last. Agnew tells us that thanks to food assistance projects, his Administration has "brought the nation to the point where no man, woman or child need go to bed hungry." NBC's Jack Perkins reports this with a clear tone of skepticism-cum-incredulity in his voice.

CBS, meanwhile, gives ten and a half minutes to what it calls "The Great Grain Robbery": the huge profits made by a few dealers with inside information on the wheat sale to Russia. Such an amount of time is almost unheard of on network news. The subject is complicated, riddled by dates and statistics. The implication of graft at high levels in the Administration is very involved, but with clear political overtones, and CBS is giving it everything it can, and damn anyone who thinks it too difficult or boring to follow. At one point, Walter Cronkite actually stands before some charts, citing incidents of conflict of interest.

That CBS has decided to do this is important. It suggests that CBS recognizes how difficult it is to approach or understand the real issues of this campaign. Corruption and cynicism are hard to explain. So are lying and the politicization of justice. The escalation of savagery in Vietnam, when we are told that our boys are coming home, is a paradox difficult to make clear to Americans who don't want to hear too much more about blacks or bombed-out Orientals. Really, it's getting boring, after all these years. Apathy and coarseness overtake us when we accept, without wanting to worry much about it, a winding down of our concern for fairness, even of our own humanity. The present Administration understands that we have other things to think about now, understands our lessening of concern for other people. It no longer bothers to put out plausible reasons for our support of Thieu's regime, doesn't even try to convince us that it wasn't involved in the bugging of Democratic headquarters. It understands that each of us has some bigotry, and it nods—understandingly. This approach to government is difficult for television to pick up. To touch it at all means a lot of spadework, a lot of looking back over many years, many trends. It is the same with McGovern's proposals. *Those* could stand some careful scrutiny. What he is saying about busing and inheritance taxes, for instance: has he really understood the effects of what he preaches? In fact, all the conventional liberal programs, with which Sargent Shriver has been so closely connected, could stand a little re-evaluation. Many have proved impractical in the past, particularly those that have to do with schooling.

Television commentators can tell us that Jimmy Hoffa has been sprung from jail and imply that he is free because his union supports Nixon; they can tell us that a priest and a nun are sent to jail and imply that they were sent there because they oppose Nixon's war in Vietnam. What they don't do—blame it on the ennui overtaking us all, but more likely it is fear—is to explain precisely and convincingly why these cases, and all the others, are important to us all. Why democracy is very fragile. Why it really matters for our lawmakers to respect the law. Now Cronkite is trying to get some of this across. No one on network news this week is willing to look

back at some of the incursions of government into areas of civil liberties in the past four years, but this scandal, the grain scandal, is a real stinker, and it is surfacing just now. Anyone who will listen to Cronkite work it through ought to become very angry indeed. If people will listen: this is not the kind of report that lends itself to television's pictorial treatment. The question is, will viewers use the ten minutes to fix a drink, or go to the john?

Today, in Des Moines, Shriver criticizes the corrosion of the Department of Justice. "A major policy statement," the *New York Times* called it the next day—but there was no word of it on television news.

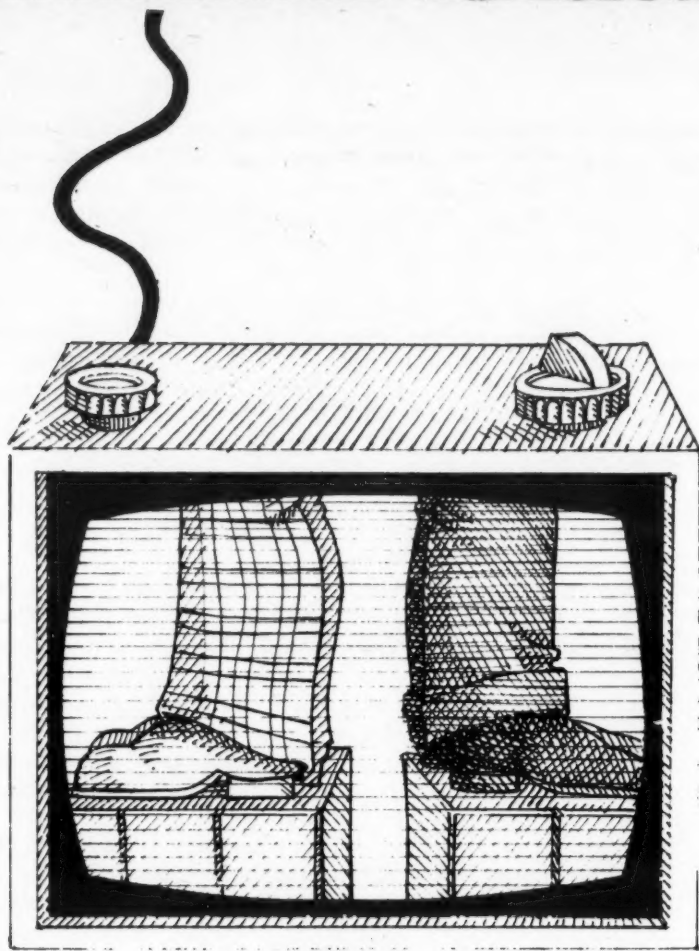
THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 28

Today the POWs land in New York. CBS devotes the entire back half of its program (15 minutes, no commercials) to it, roving back and forward to show films of POWs in Hanoi in 1966, and to discuss for ten minutes the problems of repatriation into family and social life. The wife of one who was imprisoned for five years says, "I would say my husband and I are virtually strangers to one another now." CBS is all over the place, interviewing former POWs, reassessing the release of the *Pueblo's* crew, talking to a psychiatrist. The men appear at 7:27, as if the timing had been worked out with network executives, but of course it hasn't. NBC interrupts what promises to be an intriguing human interest story on another subject to pick up the arrival, and continues with it long past the end of the news program.

ABC today shows Nixon at a \$1,000-a-plate dinner insisting that we are not going to play politics with peace now (this is worth a little over two minutes) and McGovern criticizing new statistics released by the Administration which indicate that crime is slowing down nationwide. McGovern is worth 70 seconds today, but at least he is shown knocking the Administration. NBC, by contrast, gives the crime statistics 4½ minutes and, true to form, shows us Richard Kleindeinst attacking the Democratic attack. "If you assume the basic integrity of the FBI, and I'm sure that all fair-minded people in the United States make that assumption," Kleindeinst says, which, after the recent revelations at Harrisburgh, cannot be thought of as anything less than cynical and preposterous. NBC doesn't notice: "The improvement is real," Carl Stern editorializes, but suggests that crime has dropped because we stay off the streets, buy big locks.

David Brinkley repeats what Stern says (this should not have happened and rarely does.) Again being ironic about both parties, Brinkley suggests that the crime issue is political, nothing more. "The danger here is that if crime continues to grow the American people will be offered some extreme remedy—and will accept it. Then the street muggers would lose. But so would everyone else." What Brinkley fails to point out is that there is a crucial difference between the Republicans and Democrats as to how crime is to be handled, and that the Republicans have been advocating such unconstitutional programs as preventative detention, dragnet arrests, storming of private homes—a general shaving of the First, Fourth and Fifth Amendments. Now a case could be made that the Republicans are right, that we face an emergency, that 18th-century democratic ideals have no place in our contemporary urban society, and that the Bill of Rights should be abridged. Brinkley needn't take sides. But the issue, which many people think crucial to the election, doesn't seem to occur to Brinkley, who spends so much time dispensing even-handed irony that he can't get the facts across: who stands for what. He ends with a cryptic reference to danger, but doesn't explain what the danger means to us.

Catherine Mackin, in NBC's best effort of the week, spends two-and-a-half minutes assessing Nixon's campaign. She is incisive, wastes no words, avoids her colleagues' tones of amused condenscension. "There is little that is spontaneous in the Nixon campaign," she observes. "The President is so protected that the White House press corps gets only glimpses of him as he moves about. They even have been reduced to watching him on closed circuit television, leaving no opportunity for questioning." Then she says: "There is a serious question of whether President Nixon is setting up straw men by leaving the very strong impression that McGovern is making certain proposals which in fact he is not." No reporter, this week, has said anything as pertinent to the campaign. The camera then shows Nixon criticizing McGovern without naming him—"There are some who believe...that it doesn't really make any difference whether the United States has the second strongest Navy," and so on. "It's one of the clearest issues of this campaign," he concludes. Mackin continues: "On welfare, the President accuses McGovern of wanting to give those on welfare more than those who work, which is not true. On tax reform, the President says McGovern is calling for 'confiscation of wealth,' which is not true." Mackin frowns at the camera. She has made her point, a strong one. Before the program is over, White House officials are on the phone protesting to NBC's executives.



FRIDAY
SEPTEMBER 29

Today we have a demonstration of the contrasting effectiveness of bulletins read by a studio announcer and on-scene camera reporting. The reading of bulletins for some news items is inevitable, but it is not an efficient use of the medium: radio can do it as well, newspapers better. On-the-scene reporting, however, offers unique opportunities for getting at the truth because it is not confined to reporting in summary what happened: it can show us the event as it happens and it can show us the emotion in the face of a participant or an observer on the scene. Sometimes interesting conflicts, more effective than any comment a newscaster can make, emerge: the President, for instance, making dubious claims while nervously wiping the words away from his mouth.

Agnew was in downtown Tampa today, saying nothing much—"There's not one South Vietnam soldier in North Vietnam today," that kind of thing—when hecklers began to jeer. What the Vice-President was saying would have been unlikely to get on the air, but the jeering transformed a dull speech into instant news. Agnew, exercising his recently acquired statesman's cool, calmly and very effectively put the barbarians down. Even better: we are shown Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, waffling through his conclusion that unauthorized air strikes in Vietnam present no challenge to civilian control of the military. "Much has been made about the relationship," he says, between military and civilian authority, but "this is not the case here." Read in print, the words cannot convey the vapidness, the complacently unsatisfactory quality of Moorer's statement; in fact, you would probably not read them in print—that's the part of your paper you skip over. But in its on-the-spot reporting television news uniquely traps us in a segment of real time; we can't jump to the next story and so, while we are stuck with Moorer, we have time to be astounded, to speculate that if a military takeover occurs, Moorer or his indistinguishable successor will stand before the cameras to say, "This is not the case here."

Today we also see how critical is the decision as to which news will be summarized in studio and which shown on film. The latter not only takes more time but by its impact appears to be more significant. CBS, repeating a pattern that has become familiar this week, tells us that *The Washington Post* has charged John Mitchell, while he was Attorney General, with controlling "a secret Republican fund," but we are shown Agnew's reply. Agnew doesn't deny the charge; he says that he has "full confidence in Mr. Mitchell." He says, too, "We must bear in mind that those who published it have already shown their sympathy for the other ticket." The corruption, then, is not to be looked for in the likes of Mr. Mitchell, but in a major newspaper which, having taken a position, can be presumed to lie for it. CBS fails to make any comment on this extraordinary reply, nor does it feel obliged to show us Ben Bradlee, the *Post's* executive editor, to learn more about the charge or its background. The effect that one takes away from this story is that a vaporous charge, whatever it may really contain, has been firmly put aside by an all-purpose

reply. Surely the charge is more interesting than a rebuttal by someone other than the accused, but whenever a charge has been made by either party this week, television news has emphasized the Republican side.

By the end of the week, conclusion time, I had decided that the problems of network news—at least those that they could do something about, that were not inherent in the medium—were not quite what I had assumed. The problem of the format, for instance, which hacks the news into deceptively isolated fragments, is not important. Connections can be made: we saw NBC make them Thursday in its sequence of stories and commentary on the newly released crime statistics. Nor is the newsmen's traditional complaint that they lack the time they need particularly important. They have the time—really quite a lot of it, if they use it well.

But they don't. During this week, only six weeks before the election, the networks have nothing to say about the record and programs of the Nixon administration. Most of the people who really hate Nixon, who feel bitterly about what he is doing to the country, will admit that what unnerves them is difficult to explain: his corruption of the Department of Justice, for instance, his contempt of the Supreme Court, his indifference to civil liberties. To talk about these issues at all, they will say, one has to look for patterns throughout Nixon's administration. It is all very well for Walter Cronkite to launch a full-scale investigation of the grain scandal, but that is immediate news; the really imaginative political reporter would launch a series of reports on the pros and cons of the controversial aspects of what Nixon has done. Similarly, commentators could take a systematic look at McGovern's proposals. Does he really want to give more money to those who don't work than to those who do? Does he really want to make us the second most powerful nation in the world? Would busing work, or are there arguments against it which have nothing to do with racism? Why are so many people indifferent to Democratic charges of Republican espionage?

This week, television's commentators, who have available to them long (by television's standards) segments of time, talked only of matters tangential to what is important in the campaign. They talked about the political use of POWs, the reasons why no Nobel Peace Prize was awarded this year, the trickery of crime statistics, Nixon's refusal to debate McGovern, the likelihood of a Nixon landslide. Nothing very important here, nothing that a voter needs to know in order to make up his mind. A book-lined study is no substitute for real thinking, or for courage. The commentators, who have more latitude than the legmen on the scene, strangely don't use it: they show less emotion, less concern for what is happening than does a really good reporter like Catherine Mackin, who is perhaps too new to her job not to be incensed at what the President is actually saying. Other parts of the network news are devoted to long reports on worthy, but hardly pressing subjects: Catholics in North Vietnam, for example, or the exodus of Catholics from North Ireland to Canada—a report that produced on NBC the week's stupidest question. The reporter asks why the North Ireland situation seems so hopeless, "Is it the relations between people?" he asks. The answer, as he learns, is Yes.

The allotment of precious time to the candidates this week heavily favored Nixon and his cohorts; at times it seemed that network news would do anything to appear to be reporting on politics while avoiding the Democratic candidate (two minutes to non-candidate George Wallace offset by 15 seconds to McGovern). It is easy to read into such irresponsibility the bias that Agnew charged in November, 1969. Certainly it is dispiriting to see the camera crews meekly accept direction from the President, as they did on Tuesday. Even so, bias against McGovern is unlikely. Television newsmen, like most journalists, probably prefer him, or at least more of what he stands for, even if they refuse to tell us much about either. Possibly they have written McGovern off (that is certainly the impression they give) and fearing that they are vulnerable, fearing for their jobs, they have decided not to offend the Administration which can put pressure on their employers, not when some in that Administration have told the networks that they had better become more complacent or risk . . . well, trouble of some sort.

Cynicism, weariness, an unwillingness to rock the boat: these are contagious attitudes that are clearly catching on with network news. The real issues, after all, are complicated; they don't lend themselves to pictures, to on-the-scene reporting. Leave them to the newspapers. Moral commitment and a relentless determination to discover and explain what is actually happening, no matter how involved it is—these are exhausting attitudes to maintain, week in, week out. Network news, this week, said to hell with it and gave us for the most part a week's worth of muddled newscasting, a fatigued journalism that skates around what really matters, never quite coming to terms with any of it. It is all very depressing. Worse still, it is an indulgence, the cost of which cannot just yet, be ascertained.

[LETTERS]

Covering Lordstown

It hurts, when for two years you've tried to get into a new kind of labor coverage, slogging around union halls and plants, when you've dug up the story about changes in the young work force two years ago which everyone now talks about; when you, Ralph Orr from the *Detroit Free Press* and CBS were the first in Lordstown, the first to see the wider issues in the dispute, the first to do an analytical, in-depth piece on General Motors Assembly Division, the first to give the life and thoughts of workers at Lordstown. Then you passed on your insights to several guys from Liberation News Service who called to find out further stuff on the Lordstown dispute; when you've finally got it clear to both sides that they cannot bullshit you and you don't get caught printing highly doubtful stories like the one about the guy and his finger which were repeated again and again by workers. It hurts to be put down by Hentoff (MORE—October, 1972) that the *Times* "no longer has anyone nearly as indefatigable and knowledgeable" reporting on labor. The knowledgeable I'll concede but the indefatigable never. I spent too many hours with workers to do that. I don't think brother Hentoff reads us anymore. Keep on truckin,

—Agis Salpukas
The New York Times
Detroit

Nat Hentoff replies: Brother Salpukas is wrong in that I do indeed still read the *Times*—spending some two hours a day thereby. He is right to criticize me for not having mentioned his work, but let him also beef to his editors about their not having given him nearly enough space and nearly important enough placement. I repeat that during the past year I have learned more from LNS on the labor beat than from the *Times*. Including the specific areas he mentions. (Salpukas was hardly LNS' only source on those stories.) But keep on truckin, Brother, and send a copy of this exchange of correspondence to Abe Rosenthal [managing editor of the *Times*].

Covering Politics

In reference to my *Village Voice* article on Jimmy Breslin awash at the Democratic convention (MORE—August, 1972), Tony Lukas misquoted me as describing Breslin as a "parajournalist." The description in my article was parapolitician.

There was no "acid putdown" intended, certainly not of Breslin's role as a journalist. What I did attempt was to graphically report Breslin's conflict between his role as a journalist and celebrity and his responsibility as a delegate, while acting out his raw image and ideology.

We are witnessing a disturbing increase of journalists trying to make news rather than report it by insinuating themselves into the political process, among others, at the price of perspective and independence. The result is that these journalists in the reality of print are becoming nothing more than free flacks for some skillful politicians and operators. And more often than not they are making asses of themselves.

—Sam Kaplan
Port Washington, N.Y.

In his breathless narrative of press coverage of the Democratic Convention (MORE—August, 1972), J. Anthony Lukas reports that Dan Schorr of CBS did a "devastating job on Senator Eugene McCarthy. Schorr reported that McCarthy had contacted the podium on Tuesday night to see if he could speak about the party's platform and, when asked what plank he wanted to speak on, replied, 'Oh, I don't know. What do you have going around midnight?' Schorr, permitting himself the shadow of a smile, commented, 'Maybe he thought it was a talk show'."

How carelessly rumor enters history! We assume from this account that the Democratic official at the podium who spoke to McCarthy reported accurately what McCarthy had said. But there was always the possibility that Schorr picked up this tidbit from someone else, not privy to the alleged conversation. Moreover, neither Schorr nor Lukas seems troubled by the fact that anyone who wanted to speak on the

platform would actually have to negotiate, not with the podium, but with those floor-managing specific minority and majority planks.

As it happens, nothing like what Schorr described occurred at all. McCarthy had called no one asking to speak about the platform, as Walter Cronkite gamely admitted in CBS' retraction a few hours later. But by then Lukas, perhaps persuaded that he was in fact watching a talk show, may have gone to bed. It is easy to do a devastating job on anyone if one is not constrained by ordinary standards of evidence. Rather than a devastating job, Schorr (with Lukas as chorus) passed on another of those fashionable put-downs of McCarthy, in this case also a squalid little triumph over truth.

—Martin Peretz
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Editor's reply: Professor Peretz, a principal financial backer of Senator McCarthy in 1968, appears to be the one who was not watching television very carefully. Walter Cronkite did not retract the Schorr report, "gamely" or otherwise. What he did was report the senator's denial at 2:43 A.M. on July 12, to wit: "... Senator McCarthy called us not very long ago [and] said that there wasn't any truth to [Schorr's report] whatsoever—that he had not called Larry O'Brien or anybody else asking for speaking time. He says if any of his supporters called and asked for it he doesn't know anything about it..." Schorr himself does concede, however, that he did err somewhat. "My information came from a qualified official of the Democratic platform committee," he says. "On hearing of McCarthy's denial, this person said it was not McCarthy himself who made the call, but that a staff person had made the call for him." A later encounter with the senator confirmed for Schorr that such calls were being made in McCarthy's behalf.

[HELLBOX]

Continued from page 2

Woodward and Bernstein, worked on the initial lengthy story that ran June 18. By comparison, *The New York Times* of that day ran a four paragraph AP item on page 50. It began: "Five men were arrested today as they attempted to break into the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. Police described the men as 'a professional ring,' and said that nothing had been stolen...." The AP story mis-identified the men by their aliases.

The *Times* subsequent reporting also suffered because Tad Szulc, one of the three men assigned to Watergate, was fascinated with the Cuban angle (four of the five suspects were emigres), an interpretation nurtured by Szulc's Administration sources. By the time the *Times* got back on the track, the paper was weeks behind the *Post*. As it often does when it is scooped, the *Times* reacted by downplaying the story. Except for Walter Rugaber's exclusive interview with Watergate raider Bernard Barker, a story on the involvement of former Assistant Attorney General Robert Mardian by Nicholas Gage and some recent reporting from Los Angeles by Steven Roberts, the *Times* has added little new information about the affair. Indeed, the *Times*' news department has been so lead-footed on Watergate that at one point (October 12) the editorial page felt obliged to praise the *Post* in expressing outrage over the latest revelations. (This could get to be a habit: earlier this year, the editorial page properly credited *The Wall Street Journal* for its tough-minded investigation of the Nixon Administration's aid to the dairy industry in exchange for fat campaign contributions, another story the news department couldn't seem to find.) By late October, the *Times* finally had 6 to 10 reporters on and off the Watergate investigation, compared to the *Post*'s 12 to 15.

Some have suggested that the *Post* got its material from lawyer Edward Bennett Williams, who represents both the *Post* and the Democratic National Committee. In the Democratic Party's civil suit, Williams has taken confidential depositions from several witnesses. But these are sealed by order of U.S. District Court Judge Charles Richey. In ridiculing the suggestions that the information came from him, Williams told (MORE) that any lawyer who violated such a court order should be disbarred. And *Post* managing editor Ben Bradlee, a close friend of Williams, commented: "Ed Williams would walk bare-assed down Pennsylvania Avenue before he would give me those depositions. He's been besieged by other reporters, but it just isn't true."

More to the point, a close reading of the Post's Watergate stories substantiates the claim that they didn't come from Williams. Like good reporters, Woodward and Bernstein simply seem to have developed a wide variety of sources—in the Justice Department, the FBI, the U.S. Attorney's office, and even the Nixon Re-Election Committee. Moreover, a close reading of the record fails to turn up any credible Administration refutation beyond the categorical denials.

Since the Watergate story broke last summer, there have been occasional bursts of enterprise other than in the Post, most notably: an exclusive interview with Albert Baldwin by Jack Nelson of *The Los Angeles Times* (*The New York Times* swallowed hard and ran excerpts); *Newsday's* disclosure that G. Gordon Liddy, later indicted for his part in Watergate, was fired by the Nixon Committee for refusing to co-operate with the FBI, and *Time* magazine's fingering of Dwight Chapin concurrently with the Post.

For the most part, though, the Washington press corps plodded along in its usual rut, relaying the handouts and the official pronouncements. In some quarters, this is known as the "Sans Souci Syndrome," after the Washington restaurant where gentlemen from the *Times* and other major newsgathering organizations like to lunch with their Reliable Sources. Maybe one way to revive Washington Journalism would be to take away all credit cards.

Missed Opportunity at Time Inc.

On October 9, Jim Watters and Fran Boehm, two editorial employees at *Life* magazine, attended a press screening of "Tout Va Bien," the new Godard film that deals with a strike in a French meat packing plant. Though hardly Maoists like some of the more militant strikers, both were prompted by the movie to wonder whether they should sit idly by while Time Inc., via an upcoming editorial in *Life*, endorsed Richard Nixon. The next day, Watters and Helen Hiltbrand, with whom he works in the entertainment department, drafted a statement that read: "The following members of the editorial staff of *Life* magazine wish to express their support and endorsement of Sen. George McGovern." In just over 24 hours, the statement drew 91 signatures and was delivered to managing editor Ralph Graves.

The editorial, which was to have run in *Life's* October 20 issue, was postponed. But not because of the statement. Hedley Donovan, editor-in-chief at Time Inc., and others in top management, wanted some revisions made. The delay, however, gave the petitioners time to expand their drive. By the middle of the following week, the *Life* statement was up to more than 130 signatures (out of an editorial staff that Graves puts at 170, a figure Watters feels is slightly high). At *Time*, it took just over an hour on the afternoon of October 18 to collect 102 signatures on another statement that read: "The following members of the *Time* editorial staff express their vigorous disagreement with *Life's* proposed endorsement of Richard M. Nixon for President." The day before, in a four-hour period, 96 staffers at Time-Life Books signed a petition, this one deftly turning Time Inc. on itself. The book division urged "that *Life*, in light of *Time's* (10-23-72) disclosures of Republican chicanery, withdraw its endorsement of Richard Nixon." At *Fortune*, yet a fourth statement protesting the endorsement was signed by some 40 members of the staff. (Because much of the staff of *Sports Illustrated* is off during the early part of the week, the drive did not take hold there.)

Throughout the corporation, private statements were sent up to management, too. For example, Denny Walsh, an associate editor at *Life* who did not sign the circulated statement, wrote Graves a two-sentence note of his own saying he disagreed with McGovern on many issues but could not support the *Life* endorsement because he felt Nixon was "corrupt." Though not every employee had a chance to sign—or not sign—the various statements, the pro-McGovern sentiment of the staff was clearly overwhelming. Carol Eisenberg, a researcher in the books division who led the petition drive there, said that nine out of ten staff members approached signed readily. Georgla Harbinson, a reporter-researcher at *Time*, claimed much the same experience. "We should let it be known," she says, "that there is a diversity of opinion. If magazines and newspapers run editorials, these publications should also reflect what a majority of the staff feels."

There was a good deal of sentiment along these lines at Time Inc. during the drive for signatures. But mostly the staffs just talked about it. The battle was never joined. No one—or no delegation—marched into Donovan's office and even tried to force the issue. To demand that the staff's view be represented in the magazine when the editorial appeared. "I thought of organizing such a move," says one signer, "but I tried it out on a couple of friends and they told me management would regard the idea as insane."

Maybe. But here was a case where the number of employees involved could have posed a serious threat of collective action. A work stoppage. A strike. Clearly, there is no guarantee that such a move would have worked. But not to try something is to accept the notion that working journalists are political eunuchs. It is easy to damn Time Inc. management for being so benighted and not voluntarily opening its pages to the sentiments of the staff. But, after all, that's the way ownership almost always behaves. In the end, the employees are really hoist on their own timidity. They, more than their bosses, are responsible for the fact that the Nixon endorsement appears in the October 27 issue without any mention of their stand.

Hustling at Esquire

"*Esquire* Magazine Invites You to Participate in a Journey Into Tomorrow," read the top line of a recent two-page spread in *Advertising Age* announcing a special front-of-the-book section on "The New Technology" planned for May, 1973. The advertisers in this "self-contained, advertising-interspersed-with-editorial, unit" are promised an "extraordinary opportunity" to, among other things, "identify [their] company with progress and technological excellence," "establish [their] company's leadership position in research and technology," and to "showcase [their] technology-based consumer and office products to an interested, concerned, upscale leadership readership under the most favorable circumstances." As originally conceived, the technology section will contain some 10-15 pages of advertising (at costs of up to \$15,100 for a full page in color) laced with 12 pages of editorial matter to be written by Montana-based David Rorvik, who frequently contributes articles on science to *Esquire*.

"Advertorials," as they are known in some quarters, are hardly original to *Esquire* and are, in fact, a staple of the Sunday paper and some other magazines. Within the past year, major "advertorial" efforts on ecology and recreation were launched by the *Reader's Digest* and *Life* respectively. The 'new technology' idea and themes for other recent *Esquire* supplements (such as a glove compartment compendium on fixing a car) are said to have been generated by an editorial department grown increasingly aware of its responsibility to the men selling ads. A little responsibility can be a dangerous thing, however. A reporter posing as a representative of a potential advertiser was told by advertising manager Jerry Slavis that she could be put in touch with reporter Rorvik, although there could be no guarantee of a plug. "Whether you advertise or not, I would strongly suggest that you talk to him," said Slavis helpfully. "I've been wondering how all these people got in touch with me," said Rorvik when (MORE) reached him in Montana. He said that several companies had called him and that one—RCA—had offered to fly him to Boston to attend a symposium on technology. Rorvik, who declined the offer, said that he hadn't been told that his copy was going to be used for a front-of-the-book supplement.

Executive editor Don Erickson, who made the assignment, has been vacationing in London, so we asked his boss, editor and assistant publisher Harold Hayes, to comment. Hayes said little more than "Why should I tell you about something we're planning for May?" before hanging up on us.

Sonny Kleinfield?

In mid-July, a 22-year-old reporter named Sonny Kleinfield joined the staff of *The Wall Street Journal*. And in the immediate weeks, "By Sonny Kleinfield" appeared over at least two of his stories. Such informality, however, disturbed Fred Taylor, the newspaper's managing editor, who finally called the young reporter in and advised him that "Sonny" was not dignified enough for *The Wall Street Journal*. "I don't like it," Taylor explains. "It's too diminutive." Sonny would have preferred to leave his byline unaltered, but as followers of the electronics beat know, it is now being covered by N. (for Nathan) R. (for Robert) Kleinfield.

Correction

In last month's Hellbox, we noted ("Spindling the Media") that IBM was able to secure a court order prohibiting parties in its current antitrust case from commenting to the press. We stated that the order had cited various reports attributed to the Justice Department in several publications, including *Electronic News*. While IBM did cite a story in *Electronic News* as evidence of inaccurate reporting, the story was based not on speculations, as we stated, but on court documents. Furthermore, the article was mentioned at a hearing, not in the court order.

Support Your

Hot Scoop on Liberation News Service

(MORE) A Journalism Review

Jack Anderson
After Englewood
Stamping Out Smut
in California
New Reporter Power
Works in Europe

Up Against The Wall Street Journal

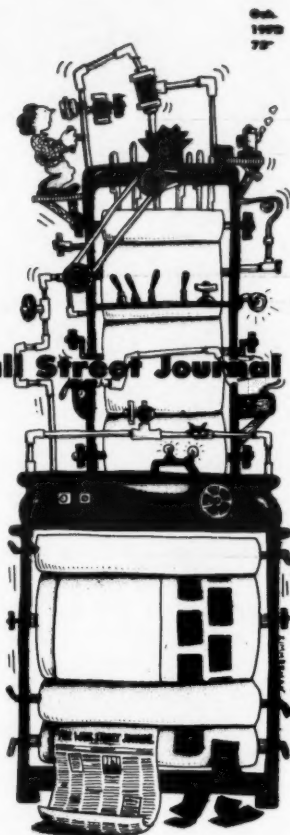
BY A. KENT MACDOUGALL

Last December, after informing managing editor Frederick Taylor that I had decided to resign from *The Wall Street Journal*, I returned to my desk in the newsroom, rolled a half-sheet into my typewriter and dashed off a message. It was in the style of the round-up memos that editors in New York send nearly every day to all 15 bureaus except St. Louis, which has all it can do to cover the dying third industry. It read:

ALL CITIES (EXCEPT ST. L.)
ON JANUARY 7, AFTER 10 YEARS AND 3
MONTHS OF DE (DOW JONES), PEUNADE, I WILL
BE FREE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST, GREAT GAWD,
ALMIGHTY, FREE AT LAST.
BIDS
MACDOUGALL, NY

Within minutes, two women bureau chiefs phoned Taylor demanding to know why he was permitting the use of the word to preach insurrection to the field hands. The normally good-natured Taylor, who had not seen the memo, although by this time it had drawn dozens of staffers to the newsroom bulletin board, hopped from his office. He moved the length of the newsroom, considered each of the two columnists who was waiting to shake my hand, and, as a score of colleagues looked on incredulously, stood over me shaking with rage. In a voice on the verge of breaking, he demanded to know how I could show such dereliction by signing Dow Jones, the Journal's parent company, of "peunade." I explained that the memo was my way of saying goodbye to my friends and, with a smile, suggested that he was taking the whole matter too seriously. Taylor wheeled and marched angrily back to his office.

Now I had to be fired. Late that Friday afternoon, Taylor summoned me to his office and curtly announced that while he would keep me on the payroll another four weeks, he didn't want me on the premises any longer. I was now being given the same boss's rush that previous managing editors had accorded at least three other reporters after they had the audacity to resign, one to go to *The Washington Post*, the two others to *The New York Times*. The first *Times* reporter had been on the Journal 16 years and was told upon giving four weeks notice, "You don't have to stay another 15 minutes." He didn't. But I wanted to go in my own good time and on my own terms. So, unsurprised as I was for Taylor's edict, continued on page 12



New York University this year is presenting the first annual Don Hollenbeck Award for press criticism, in memory of the noted television reporter best remembered for his "CBS Views The Press." NYU has chosen (MORE) as the first recipient. We thank the University for honoring us, our contributors for making the award possible and our readers for their growing support.

Journalism Review

(MORE) A Journalism Review

P.O. Box 2971, Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS: Sure there are three friends who would enjoy (MORE). We'll send them a **FREE** sample copy, and a card indicating it was at your request. This is not a subscription, merely a sampler. Please fill in your name and friends names and addresses below and return the coupon to us promptly.

Your Name _____

Friends:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(MORE) P.O. Box 2971, Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please enter my subscription to [MORE] at the

- ☐ Lifetime Subscription Rate: \$200
☐ Sustaining Subscription Rate: \$100

- ☐ Special Charter Subscription Rate,
2 Years, 24 Issues, \$12.00 (newsstand: \$18.00)
☐ 1 Year, 12 Issues, \$7.50 (newsstand: \$9.00)
☐ 3 Years, 36 Issues, \$17.00 (newsstand: \$27.00)

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(MORE) P.O. Box 2971, Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please enter my subscription to [MORE] at the

- ☐ Lifetime Subscription Rate: \$200
☐ Sustaining Subscription Rate: \$100

- ☐ Special Charter Subscription Rate,
2 Years, 24 Issues, \$12.00 (newsstand: \$18.00)
☐ 1 Year, 12 Issues, \$7.50 (newsstand: \$9.00)
☐ 3 Years, 36 Issues, \$17.00 (newsstand: \$27.00)

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____